Saturday Review

MARCH 26, 1955 / 20¢

RECORDINGS

THE POLITICS OF BREAD
By Sir John Russell

DOES ANYONE HAVE TIME TO THINK?
An Editorial

WHERE CRAFT ENDS AND ART BEGINS
By Ralph Vaughan Williams

Ernest Borgnine, star of the new movie "Marty." (See page 25)

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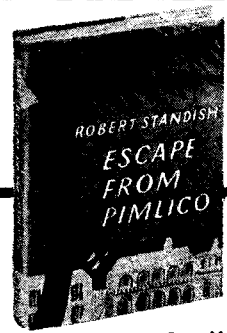

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The Saturday Review

MARCH 26, 1955

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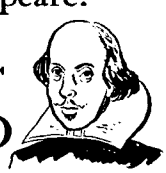

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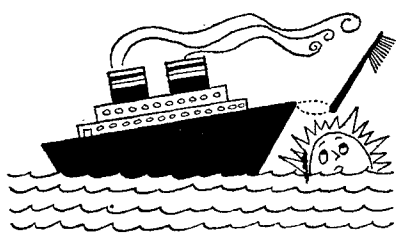
TRADE Winds

MUSHING THROUGH mid-winter ice and snow in Ohio and Illinois loses some of its sting when you know that a vacation in Hawaii and the California desert looms at the end of the trail! Through Hamilton, Marion, Lima, and Galesburg I slid and slithered, with a detour *en route* for an autographing "do" in Bec Wise's model book department at Rike-Kumler's in Dayton.

Everything was tolerably comfortable until the heating apparatus on a plane carrying me to Chicago went on the fritz, and had to be shut off entirely. Ma-an, that was coffee—I mean, cold! My seatmate found one way to keep his teeth from chattering. He took them out and stowed them in his pocket. Reminded me of



the story of the newly affluent huckster who essayed a maiden voyage to Europe. He shared an inside stateroom with a total stranger. First morning out, the stranger exploded, "Hey! You're using my toothbrush!" "Uhu! Mine error," apologized the huckster. "I thought it belonged to the boat!"

IN CHICAGO, the temperature had plummeted to eleven below, and the wind whipping in from Lake Michigan had the sting of a bayonet thrust. Eugene Ertle, head chef of United Airlines' Chicago flight kitchen, was waiting for me in a jeep, however, and minutes later I was thawing out over a banquet prepared with all of his Alsatian artistry. It was exactly like 550 other tasty repasts he prepares for finicky UAL passengers every evening.

It's fascinating to see how the food is kept piping hot. Sixteen individual dinners are encased in an electrically heated container, which is immediately plugged into a socket on a waiting miniature truck. The truck is driven to a designated plane, where the container is hoisted aboard, and reconnected with the electric circuit in the galley. When the stewardess serves the dinner it is as hot as when it was ladled out in the flight kitchen.

Incidentally, it is estimated that airborne passengers travel approximately twenty-five miles while they toy with their appetizer, 110 miles while they savor the main course, forty miles for the salad, and fifty-five more through dessert and beverage. In other words, airline dinners go a long way—230 miles, in fact!

I WONDER HOW MANY TRADE WINDS readers will recall the late George Fitch's raucously funny stories about good old Siwash College? Siwash was a thinly disguised projection of Fitch's beloved *alma mater,* Knox College in Galesburg, Illinois. Knox is not only still doing business at its old stand (it was founded in 1837) but is enjoying a heady renaissance under the vigorous administration of President Sharvy Umbeck and Dean Charles Peake, liberal and far-seeing gentlemen after my own heart. My day on the Knox campus delighted me.

Knox graduates include, besides George Fitch, such other literary luminaries as S. S. McClure, Don Marquis, Edgar Lee Masters, Eugene Field, and the redoubtable John Finley of *The New York Times.* Just outside the building in which I harangued the student body young Abe Lincoln engaged Stephen Douglas in one of the earliest of their historic debates. And hard by the campus is the house in which Carl Sandburg first saw the light of day.

In Galesburg's Hotel Custer, Bernard Schimmel, master showman and boniface, has re-created Sandburg's old study in a suite that was thrown open on the poet's seventy-seventh birthday. It is chockful of Sandburgiana, down to his old "gee-tar" and a brass spittoon designed to remind him of his days as a barbershop por-

ter, and for the dedication ceremonies practically everybody turned up but Mr. Sandburg.

He did send Schimmel a telegram from his retreat at Flat Rock, North Carolina, however, saying the cere-

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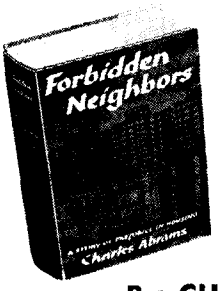

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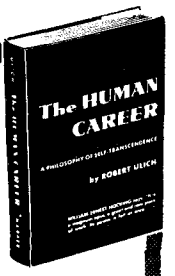

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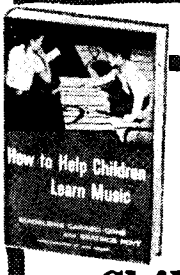

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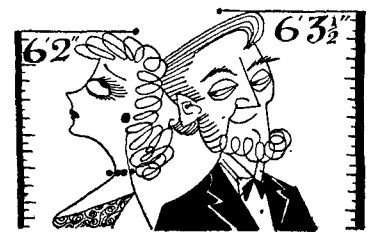
monies were "heartwarming to me." From Carl Sandburg that's practically a half-hour oration. Mr. S. speaks only when the spirit moves him. He once allowed himself to be shown over every inch of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios without uttering a single syllable. His guide finally led him to a Junoesque show girl and implored, "Just think, Mr. Sandburg, this budding star is six-foot-two!"



Mr. Sandburg spoke at last. "Abraham Lincoln," he observed, "was six foot three and a half!"

HEADING SOUTHWARD, I tarried briefly in Coffeyville, Kansas, where the Dalton gang met its Waterloo in 1892, and in Tulsa, where Burch Mayo and Jenk Jones, colorful editor of the *Tulsa Tribune,* entertained me with good talk, victuals, and hi-fi records. Tulsa's Hotel Mayo is still run by the family that built it, and is one of the most comfortable hostelries in the land. Having just come from Lincoln country, the Great Emancipator was very much in my mind, and I was delighted when somebody told a story about him (credited to author Robert Yoder) that I never had heard before.

Mr. Lincoln had bought a seat for a show in Springfield, and arrived just as the curtain rose. His eyes riveted on the stage, he thoughtlessly placed his tall silk hat on the seat next to him, open end up. Entered a very stout lady, who sank into the empty seat. There was a loud crunch, and she jumped up with a cry of fright.

Mr. Lincoln ruefully rescued his hat, which now looked like a black silk pancake. "Madam," he declared softly, "I could have told you my hat wouldn't fit you before you tried it on."

THERE HAS BEEN NO ABATEMENT in the sanguinary warfare between the loyal citizens of Fort Worth and Dallas. Fort Worth's tycoon Amon Carter still carries his lunch with him in a paper bag when business demands his presence in Dallas, because he's "darned if he'll spend a cent in that blank blank town," and other Fort Worthies still chuckle as they hand out cards reading, "Please flush twice when you use the washroom: Dallas

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is short of water." Tempers really flared when the stunning, new, thirty-million-dollar airport was projected. It was easy enough to select a site exactly halfway between the two cities—nineteen miles from Dallas, nineteen miles from Fort Worth, but the big fight was over the momentous problem of which metropolis the edifice was going to face!

Dallasites finally pulled out of the venture entirely. "Our airport is good enough," they explain heatedly, "and a full twenty minutes nearer the heart of our city. The whole business was just a scheme to further glorify Amon Carter anyhow!"

Result: Airlines that serve the two cities now must put in at *both* airports. Flying time between them is about ten minutes. What the pilot of my plane had to say about the situation does not bear repetition. I was overwhelmed, however, by the beauty of the new Fort Worth plant. I had plenty of room in which to admire it, too; there weren't 100 other passengers in sight—in a structure ten times the size of the outmoded and dilapidated junkyard known as "La Guardia Airport" in New York!

I WAS DRIVEN FROM Fort Worth to Denton by Mayor Edgar Deen and his wife, Edith, who is completing for Harper's a book that should prove a humdinger. It is nothing less than a complete study of every woman whose name appears in the Bible—a work that has involved years of painstaking research, and that will be ready for publication within the year.

In Denton, at Texas State College for Women, I spoke to over 2,000 beautiful Texas belles—but Autrey Nell Wiley, of the English department, restored faith in my native heath by disclosing that one of the most glamorous actually hailed from Glens Falls, New York!

It was in Denton, too, that an enterprising peddler had set up his tin cup and pencils outside a local five-and-ten with a sign proclaiming, "Formerly in front of Neiman-Marcus." —BENNETT CERF.

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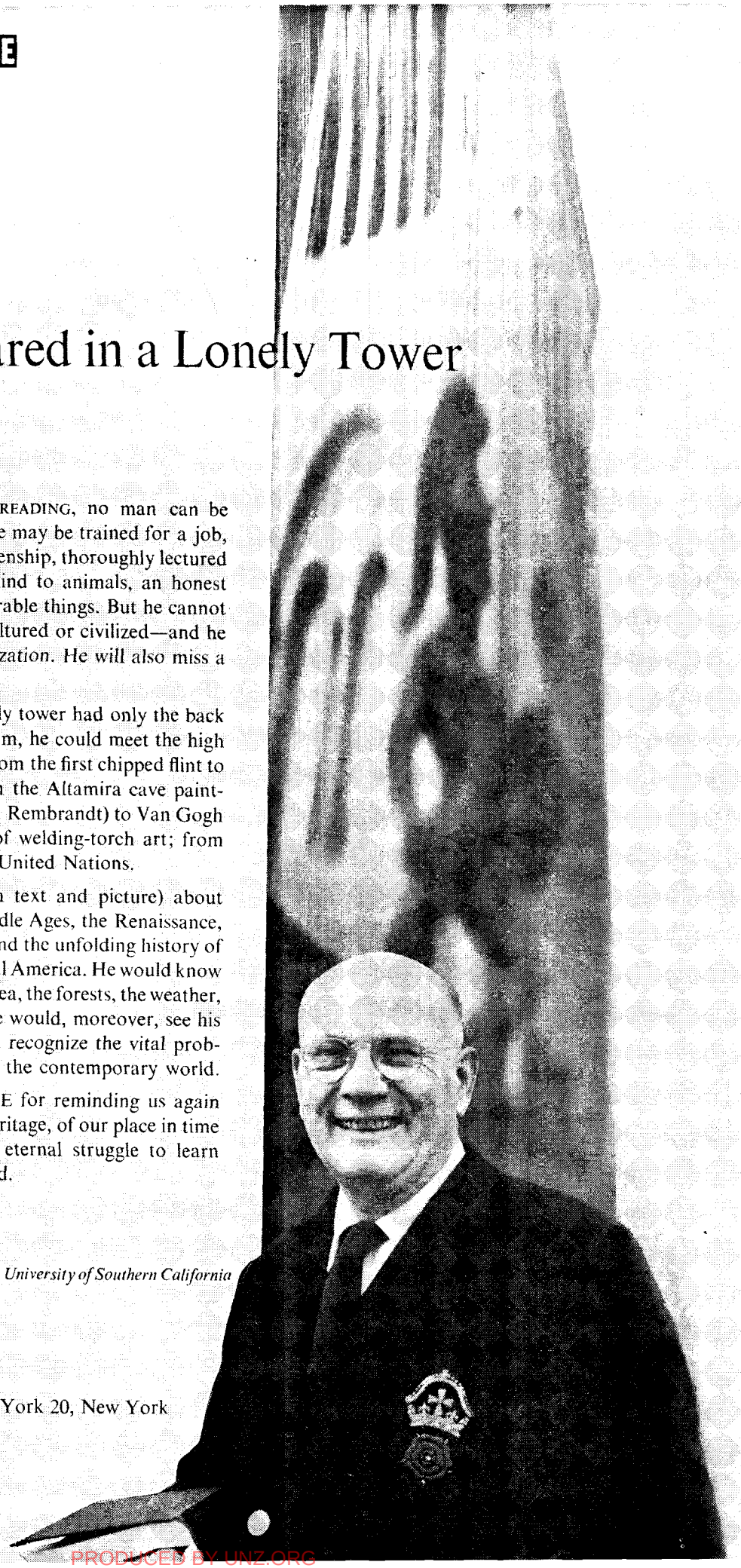

WITHOUT CONTINUED READING, no man can be educated in 1955. He may be trained for a job, disciplined to passive citizenship, thoroughly lectured at, socially "adjusted," kind to animals, an honest man, and all sorts of desirable things. But he cannot be educated—let alone cultured or civilized—and he will miss his full self-realization. He will also miss a lot of fun.

If a child reared in a lonely tower had only the back files of LIFE to instruct him, he could meet the high points of human history from the first chipped flint to the atomic Nautilus; from the Altamira cave paintings (through da Vinci and Rembrandt) to Van Gogh and the latest exponent of welding-torch art; from the Lake Villagers to the United Nations.

He would know (through text and picture) about Periclean Athens, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and the Age of Reason—and the unfolding history of our own rich, vast, potential America. He would know much about the earth, the sea, the forests, the weather, and his own chemistry. He would, moreover, see his own time face to face and recognize the vital problems that confront him in the contemporary world.

As a teacher, I thank LIFE for reminding us again and again of our human heritage, of our place in time and space, and of man's eternal struggle to learn about himself and his world.

DR. FRANK C. BAXTER

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The Saturday Review

MARCH 26, 1955

THE POLITICS OF BREAD

EDITOR'S NOTE: It hardly needs saying that the best-laid constitutions and oratory have little appeal to nations of starving men and women. But what we well-fed Americans sometimes neglect is the practical mechanics of hunger: Just how hungry is a certain nation? Is the situation getting worse? Is American help appropriate and (more important) in time? Is the problem insoluble? A unique world-review of this subject is the new book "World Population and World Food Supplies," by Sir John Russell, OBE, FRS, one of the greatest and most honored living agronomists, director of the Rothamsted Experimental Station (1921-1943) and of the Imperial Bureau of Soil Science (1928-1943), and author of many articles and books. Recently returned from a trip to Asia and Africa, Sir John was asked by *The Saturday Review* to put down some observations, and some of the steps which must be and are being taken to cure the disease of hunger in the free world.

By SIR JOHN RUSSELL

WHEN during the last war President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill met in the Atlantic and drew up the Atlantic Charter they opened a new chapter in the history of the world. For the Charter gave expression to the ardent hopes and desires of great numbers of men and women of good will in many countries that the science and organizing ability possessed by the advanced nations should be used to promote the welfare of those less advanced, and to banish fear of want and other fears that had so long beset the path of humanity.

Nowhere in the world has this generous feeling taken so practical a form as among the American and British peoples: they know that their technology has enabled them to overcome great difficulties in their own lands, and they believe that it could do much towards ending world hunger. There is so much of this: of the whole world population two out of every three are ill fed, and half are positively hungry. About 70 per cent of these ill-fed people live in Asia, and the rest are fairly equally divided between Europe (Eastern and Southern), Africa, and Latin America.

The first efforts of the Western peoples to help have aggravated the problem. Medical and health measures have been introduced that have reduced mortality—especially among children—but this has been done regardless of whether there will be enough food for survivors. Are they being saved from an early death simply to lead a life of lingering hunger? And the disparity between the hungry and the well-fed nations is increasing.

An obvious solution would be to redistribute the food and the wealth of the world, making the "haves" hand over some of their possessions to the "have-nots." This accords with egalitarian ideas that have a certain vogue today. But no method of effecting redistribution has yet been devised; wherever it has been tried it has involved heavy losses, and as between nations it would be extremely wasteful. Nor would mass migrations from the hungry lands to those producing surplus food be politically feasible, at least so far as Asians and Africans are concerned. (Some of these difficulties do not apply to the Amazon basin, and it is conceivable that this vast region of two billion acres—the largest undeveloped region in the world—might be opened up for colonization.) But it seems clear that the Asians must remain in Asia, and the Africans in Africa, and amelioration of their conditions must be achieved by stepping up food production in both continents. Already methods are known whereby this could be done; the practical difficulty is to do it on a sufficient scale.

India is the best documented of all the hungry countries, and also the one where the problem of improvement is taken most seriously and tackled most effectively. The population in 1951 was 362 millions: 40 millions more than in 1941, an increase of 12½ per cent in the decade. The food supply showed no corresponding increase: before the war it had given on an average just under 2,000 calories per head per day; in the last FAO survey it gave 1,700 only. In 1950 a Planning Commission was set up, and in 1951 it announced its first Five Year Plan: a well-thought-out and practicable scheme which aimed at increasing the annual production of food grains from the 54 million tons of 1950/51 to 61.6 million tons in 1956—an additional 7.6 million tons. The

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results for 1953-1954 were already better than this: no less than 11.4 million additional tons of food grains were obtained—an over-fulfilment of the Plan by 50 per cent two years ahead of time. The Indian Planning Commission is not only realistic but also completely honest, and attributes more than half of the result to a very favorable monsoon (the second during the period).

The rest has been achieved by adding more than 7 million acres to the irrigated area (which in 1950 had been 48 million acres) of which 2.8 millions were from large schemes and over 4 millions from a number and variety of small ones, tube wells, tanks, dams, etc. The large schemes lend themselves to glowing description. Three are under construction: the Damodar Valley, the Hirakud in Orissa, and the Bhakra-Nangal on the Sutlej River—the largest of the three: one of its two dams will be little smaller than the Boulder Dam of the United States. The schemes are multipurpose in character, modeled on the Tennessee Valley Authority. They will provide water for irrigation; electric power for tube wells, industry, and other purposes; domestic water, etc. They were originally estimated to cost £202.5 million, but this sum will be insufficient. But, as the figures show, the greater part of the overall improvement comes from the multiplicity of smaller schemes, the extra bit of irrigation in many areas, the acres reclaimed by the Central Tractor organization, which can break up jungle and level scarred tracts that the cultivators' implements could not touch.

The chief hope lies in enlisting the active participation of the villagers. For many years devoted pioneers, the Americans Sam Higginbottom and the Hatch brothers, and many Britons —F. L. Brayne, Malcolm Darling, to mention only a few—have labored to arouse the peasants to improve their villages and their lands. Wherever it is done such work is slow and often heartbreaking, because of the reluctance of the peasants to change; the pioneers may see little results for all their efforts. Yet the seed so faithfully sown has borne fruit: the work began to expand in earnest when the various "Grow More Food" campaigns were started in 1948, and the Planning Commission made it an important part of their program by establishing a Community Projects Administration—also on the American model.

As there are some 550,000 villages in India the task is very considerable, and it is made all the more difficult by the circumstance that the middle-class population of India, from which the most acceptable leadership is likely to come, is small: if income-tax returns are any guide not more than about 500,000. Even when the officers are placed the business of getting round to their villages will present formidable difficulties; there are few roads, only tracks, many of them impassible to cars in wet weather; few places where one can stay at night and those usually empty and cheerless bungalows often without beds.

Peasant proprietorship of the land is to be greatly extended. In parts of India like the Punjab this is already customary, but in certain other parts the land is owned by landlords, some of whom have taken their responsibilities seriously and developed their villages and estates on sound lines. But others simply sublet them, drawing the revenues and doing nothing in return. In some cases two or more middlemen come between the cultivator and the owner. That is now to be changed in conformity with the ancient Hindu law, "The land is his that tills it, and the game is his that kills it." When accomplished this will be a great incentive to the peasant to effect as much improvement as he can, but it has its own dangers. Unless special precautions are taken the holding may be subdivided among his children when he dies, and then comes scattering of the holdings by marriage acquisitions. This is one of the serious evils of peasant proprietorship, and is responsible for much of the low level of food production in the hungry countries.

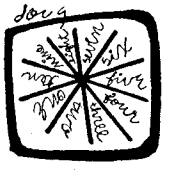
In the end the success of the scheme will turn on the peasant and he cannot improve without better appliances. The Plan provides for an extension of industrialization, not on the Russian plan of concentrating first on heavy industry and working downwards to the consumer, but by developing light industries and those ancillary to agriculture. Food and consumer goods rather than industrial power are the objects.

All this, of course, has cost money and India is poor. The average national income per head was in the 1949 survey only $57 a year; and though it is somewhat higher now investment savings are not easy to accumulate. Nevertheless, by wise administration much has been done. The work has cost more than was expected, and some projects in the industrial sector are behind schedule. One cannot count on a run of favorable monsoons, but there seems little doubt that the food production program will be achieved.

IF IT is, what then? The population meanwhile will have gone up by some 22 millions; the food grains per head will be up by about 7 per cent, the average daily calorie intake, at present about 1,700—among the lowest of all the nations recorded—will rise to about 1,820. This is a move in the right direction, but even if it is attained it is still some 10 per cent below the calorie level in the 1930s, which was about 2,000, for an undivided India. And there you have the tragic side of India's problem: this tremendous growth of population with which the food-production campaign can hardly keep pace.

Again a realistic view has been taken, and a policy of birth control—"Family Planning"—adopted, but results must be slow in coming. It would undoubtedly be the wisest policy for all Asia, indeed for all the hungry countries, but against it is the fact that Communist countries aim at in-

(*Continued on page 29*)



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MONOSYLLABIC METRICS

"And ten low words oft creep in one dull line," complained Alexander Pope, though he was occasionally guilty of the same fault himself (see below). Here, then, are ten lines by as many linesmen each of which is composed of ten one-syllable words. You are asked to name the authors and to identify the works cited. If, of the twenty facts sought, you achieve twelve or fewer, count that day lost; if from thirteen through eighteen, weep no more; if nineteen or twenty, give three loud cheers. Answers on page 19.

1. Who is it that can tell me who I am?
2. I am a part of all that I have met;
3. The world is too much with us; late and soon,
4. A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
5. How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
6. He was not of an age, but for all time!
7. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
8. A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
9. A mind not to be changed by place or time.
10. Nay, I have done. You get no more of me!

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ASIA

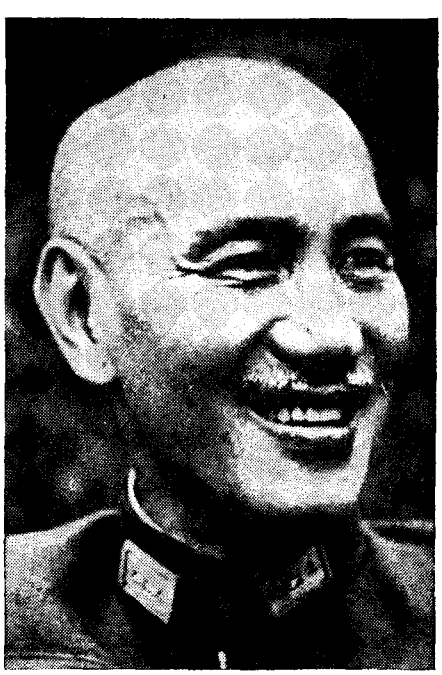
Generalissimo—Intimate View

"Chiang Kai-shek: An Unauthorized Biography," by Emily Hahn *(Doubleday & Co. 382 pp. $5), is a portrait of the Kuomintang leader and an account of his career to defeat by the Chinese Communists and retreat to Formosa. Wilbur Burton, who reviews it here, has covered China and the Far East for newspapers and magazines for the past two decades.*

By Wilbur Burton

GENERALISSIMO Chiang Kai-shek is indubitably in that group of world leaders—including Sun Yat-sen, Mao Tse-tung, Gandhi, Nehru, Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco—who have arisen in our twentieth-century "time of troubles"; but less is known of Chiang personally than any of the others save perhaps Mao. The group, it may be noted, has nothing in common unless it be Nietzschean will to power, and Gandhi may be exempted from that; but it is significant that most of them are of areas that in the last century counted least in international affairs.

Information about Chiang is now increased to a considerable extent by Miss Hahn's new essay in biography. In this field she has previously endowed us with lives of Fanny Burney, Sir James Brooke of Sarawak, Raffles of Singapore, and the Soong sisters, as well as "China to Me: A Partial Autobiography" of one of the most charmingly unconventional American women ever to enliven the China Treaty Ports and the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong. And, as always, she writes in extremely lucid narrative style.



Chiang—"a very happy snowstorm."

There have been, of course, previous biographies of Chiang, though notably few, and they have been either sketchy or official apologias such as are ever being wrought by members (or would-be members) of the entourages of eminent political figures. In the general field of literature on China there is a considerable amount of valid material about aspects of Chiang's varied career; and it is to be regretted that Miss Hahn has not utilized some of this. On the other hand, through her quite intimate acquaintance with at least two of the Soong sisters, Madame Chiang and Madame H. H. Kung, as well as others close to her subject, she had a unique chance to get data not easily available, if at all, to other writers.

Miss Hahn justifiably makes the most of this—but she unduly denigrates those who have ever seriously crossed Chiang or written adversely about him. Thus, Madame Sun Yat-sen, the Soong sister now in the Communist camp, is less than fairly presented: for there is no evidence that she had "dedicated her faith to Communism" as far back as 1923, when Dr. Sun was still alive. She definitely was not a Communist, or more than sentimentally pro-Communist, when this reviewer had considerable contact with her in 1927, and her subsequent Red involution was probably from idealistic reaction to Chiang's sometimes questionable course rather than from Marxist conviction.

Borodin, the Soviet advisor to the Kuomintang in the 1925-1927 revolution that elevated Chiang to sufficient power to break with both the Chinese Communists and Moscow, is implicitly dismissed as an old roué who was in love with Mayling Soong, now Madame Chiang. This is indeed news to this reviewer, who was privy to the gossip of both the foreign and Chinese elite of the time. According to that gossip, Borodin was in love with Madame Sun! Actually, there was not an iota of truth for the story; and, as a

THE AUTHOR: The life of Emily Hahn is a striking example of a St. Louis girl who did most of the things girls usually don't. "You are the epitome of modern woman—mining engineer, novelist, essayist, traveler, who supports herself much better than I do," a renegade of the stronger sex told her back in 1932 on her return from the Congo, "and I am frightened to death." Miss Hahn, puffing awesomely on a cigar, agreed. By then Mickey, as she is known, had given the world only a glimmer of her potential as a gay slaughterer of convention. She began in 1926 by getting the first degree in mining engineering ever granted to a woman by Wisconsin. She subsequently taught geology at Hunter, devoting a minute of her time to dashing off a spoof called "Seductio ad Absurdum," which got a lot of talk. Listening and wanderlust don't mix, so Mickey left for Africa, where she looked things over between 1930 and 1932. Those experiences quickly resulted in two books—"Congo Solo," a travel diary, and "With Naked Foot," a novel. By 1935 restlessness again set in, so she left for China. She wrote articles for *The New Yorker* and she met Major Charles Boxer of British Intelligence. They had a child. All three of them were among the Allied nationals who were in Hong Kong when it fell in late 1941. Mickey, with Carola, her daughter, finally returned to the States in 1943. Around that time she turned out "The Soong Sisters" and "China to Me," in which she said: "I have deliberately chosen the uncertain path whenever I had the chance." The Major, after spending years in a Japanese prison camp, arrived here in 1945, and Charles and Mickey got married. They have since had another child. The Boxers live in Ringshall End, Little Gaddeston, Berkhamsted, Herts. That's somewhere in England. These days Miss Hahn is revisiting Africa, looking up some old friends. She is still a great cigar lady; on her last New York visit, in 1954, she whipped out a Havana in the lobby of the St. Regis and fired it up admirably. People stared, but Mickey, bless her, blew beautiful smoke rings.

—BERNARD KALB.

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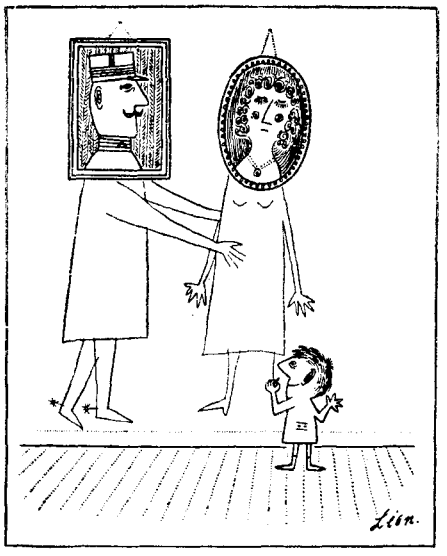

matter of fact, Borodin was so wracked by both malaria and political difficulties he probably could not have mustered the mood for any romance.

CHIANG'S political career, as Miss Hahn well recounts, started in 1924 in Canton where, fresh from a few months in Moscow, he was put in charge of the military academy that was largely staffed by Soviet instructors under an agreement between Dr. Sun and the Kremlin on an anti-imperialist, not Communist, revolutionary basis. But, according to Miss Hahn, Chiang was already suspicious of Muscovite intent, and she quotes a letter from him to a friend in proof of such prescience. But she does not quote what he himself publicly avowed in the academy's annual of December 5, 1925: "The National Revolution cannot do without Dr. Sun's Three Principles of the People [nationalism, people's sovereignty, people's welfare]. Neither can the International Revolution neglect Communism. We cannot deny that the Chinese Revolution is a part of the World Revolution. The realization of the Three Principles of the People means the realization of Communism."

In any event, Chiang did utilize his first opportunity, early in 1927 when the Kuomintang armies directed largely by a Soviet general were established in the Yangtze Valley, to break with both the Russian and Chinese Communists and set up a ruthlessly anti-Red regime in Nanking. Then, too, he was married to the Christian Mayling Soong, and converted to Christianity—after, as Miss Hahn reports from his pastor, he had prayed before a battle with some dissidents and "God did answer his prayer by sending a very heavy snowstorm, which was unusual at that time of the year, so that his enemies could not advance any nearer."

There is less about another moot point in Chiang's career, his handling of the opium traffic. Miss Hahn dismisses it with mere mention of his instituting "a Government monopoly, like that maintained by the British in Hongkong," adding, "He needed the revenue." The same defense, of course, could be made today of Mao-Tse-tung for smuggling narcotics abroad.

Miss Hahn's discussion of Chiang in his long dilemma of dealing with the Chinese Reds and the Japanese aggressors, both coming to the fore in 1931 although discretely, may engender much criticism by equally competent observers. She makes the best case possible for Chiang, and it may indeed be that he did the best he could from any save a pro-Japanese or pro-Communist viewpoint. But he was perhaps less of a hero against either the Reds or the Japanese than Miss Hahn implies. In the case of the Reds this reviewer still finds brilliantly pertinent a remark oft made to him *circa* 1933 by Eugene Chen (foreign minister of the first Kuomintang regime who broke with Chiang), that "Chiang Kai-shek's historic role is to arm the Chinese Communists." Certainly they then, and much later, seized far more arms from Chiang's forces than they received from Russia. Eventually Chiang did conquer the first Soviet Republic of China, mainly by American airplanes against which it had no defense, but the Red armies remained intact to wax strong enough to vanquish him fifteen years later.

The Japanese, of course, were utterly defeated by the United States in the Second World War; and the American role therein and thereafter so far as Chiang is concerned is a matter of much debate. Miss Hahn adequately reports the known facts, in a manner generally creditable to Chiang but including this critique of the Kuomintang: "Local government *had* broken down; corruption *was* increasing; the future *was* uncertain." (Miss Hahn's emphasis.) And so Chiang was forced to flee to Formosa.

Although this biography is unauthorized, the reviewer finds little if anything at which Chiang could cavil—unless in manifestation of Confucian modesty or Christian humility.

Song

By Alfred Kreymborg

THE soul soaring on indefinable wings
over blurred shapes and shades of varied hues,
after flying from view to grander views,
slowly returns to earth, and there he sings.

Fire in the East

"Wanted: An Asian Policy," by Edwin O. Reischauer *(Alfred A. Knopf, 276 pp. $3.75), is an analysis of what we must do in respect to the Far East to prevent a worldwide conflagration from starting in that area. It is reviewed below by Kenneth Scott Latourette, Sterling Professor of Missions and Oriental History, Emeritus, at Yale University.*

By Kenneth Scott Latourette

EVEN if we agree that for the United States Asia must be secondary to Europe we cannot help remembering that the first rumblings of the storm of World War II were in Manchuria in 1931. Nor can we forget that more than anywhere else it is in East Asia that the aftermath of the storm has been marked by fighting. We are painfully aware of the threat to Formosa and the certainty that if that island and the smaller ones associated with it fall into Communist hands much of the rest of East Asia and its adjacent lands will be the next target. Indeed, we are all too conscious of the wooing of Japan and of the menace to what remains of free Indochina, to Malaya, to Indonesia, to the Philippines, to Thailand, and to important sections of India. We are also not unmindful of Iran and the Near East. Were Asia to pass under the hammer and sickle the peril for Western Europe and the Americans would be greatly augmented.

It is with this that Edwin O. Reischauer deals in "Wanted: An Asian Policy." By birth, early rearing, and long specialized study, teaching, and writing closely identified with Japan, from that vantage he looks out on all Asia. His modest disclaimer of expert knowledge cannot obscure the fact that far more than the overwhelming majority of his fellow Americans he is equipped to speak on the subject to which he addresses himself. Indeed, it is to the lack of adequate knowledge of Asia that he attributes the striking failures or weaknesses of American policies in China and Korea. He believes that our more adequate preparation insured the relative success of the occupation of Japan.

As he views Asia Professor Reischauer sees, correctly, that it has no unity except in the fact that it is not the Occident and in the revolutions brought by forces which have issued from the Occident. He reminds us that even Marxist Communism was

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first formulated in Western Europe. In his opinion Asians prefer democracy to totalitarianism. He finds democracy working fairly well in Pakistan, India, Ceylon, and the Philippines, but regards its continuing success as uncertain and believes that the chances are that Asia will gradually drift toward Communism.

In stemming and rolling back the tide of Communism, so the author reminds us, we have three resources—military, economic, and ideological. He holds that of these we have relied chiefly upon the first two but that the third is by far the most important. He notes that we gave much more of military and economic assistance to the Chinese Nationalists than did the Russians to the Chinese Communists, and that it was through ideas, skilfully propagated, that Russia and Communism triumphed. In lives and treasure the ideological is far less costly than military and economic weapons, yet we have placed less emphasis upon it. Moreover, in much of such use as we have made of it we have been far too maladroit.

IT IS upon the principles of strategy, especially upon successfully communicating our ideas to Asia, that the emphasis of the constructive part of the book is placed. Here, as is proper in one whose Harvard chair is Far Eastern languages, the author stresses the importance of our learning how to enable the peoples of Asia to comprehend our ideals and practices. He believes that to be possible. He also holds that through this means the battle can be won. The problem is one of communication. He has a number of specific and wise suggestions.

In all fairness to him and to them these should be sought by reading the book itself, for no brief summary can do them justice. Some of the more obvious—and they should be axiomatic—are that we must utilize the languages of those to whom we are speaking and not depend on English. We must discover what terms put us on common ground and avoid those which seem natural to us but which arouse resentment among Asiatics. We must have more ambassadors who represent the American people rather than just our Government. Here an

(*Continued on page 27*)

FICTION

Families Unfathomed

"Mother and Son," by I. Compton-Burnett *(Julian Messner, 256 pp. $3.50), is the story of two families in an English country town and the subtle relationships that develop between them.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

ONCE you have the habit, to read the novels of Ivy Compton-Burnett becomes one of the indispensable pleasures of life. Though she is not as widely known as Joyce Cary, Graham Greene, Henry Green, Elizabeth Bowen, or the many other significant English novelists, many critics consider her the most original British writer of fiction in our century apart from Joyce. She is a little like Jane Austen in limiting her cast to "two or three families in a country town" and in her neglect of the temporary contemporary, somewhat like Aeschylus in the austerity of her philosophy, rather like Congreve at his best in her style and in her sense of comedy—altogether herself. Since she was sixteen she has published fourteen novels; although or because she wrote them in her late fifties, her last three novels are her best. Since it is the one I have just finished, "Mother and Son" seems the best of them all.

This time, there are only two families, the Humes and the Greatheart menage. The Humes have one son, Roseberry, who is especially devoted to his mother, Miranda. The father, Julius, is particularly devoted to the three orphaned children of his brother. Emma Greatheart and Hester Wolsey are two old maids who are devoted to their cat, Plautus. At least, that's the way it looks on the surface; but, as one of the minor characters puts it, "A great deal goes on beneath the surface in a family." Before the novel ends Julius has helped his wife to death by confessing that his nephews and his niece are his own illegitimate children, and the devoted son, shortly after learning his father isn't his father, proposes to two women while Julius proposes to one (and Miranda barely in her grave). What horrible people, you say perhaps. Miss Compton-Burnett might say how like all people in all families and really how very like you who are not so bad.

Indeed, the way the characters in "Mother and Son" most conspicuously differ from "real" people like ourselves is in the way they talk:

> "Why is it better to sacrifice oneself than someone else?"
> "It is no better . . . and it is not really held to be."

ANOTHER time, Julius tells his thirteen-year-old daughter he can't be good to his "son," Roseberry. "He is so good to himself," she replies, "that he hardly needs anything more." Emma Greatheart asks if Miranda can be much worse than she seems "as the rest of us are," and Hester says, "Perhaps not. She does not edit herself."

Actually only a few of Miss Compton-Burnett's characters ever edit themselves. As Robert Lidell puts it, the talk that carries the conversation forward "sometimes approximates to what one might actually say . . . but also to what one might think and conceal . . . to what one might afterwards wish one had said; to what one would like to think oneself." All this sounds very subtle and is. Unless you have read Miss Compton-Burnett before or are one of those rare readers who adjust instantaneously to great originality, "Mother and Son" at first will seem difficult. There is almost no physical action or physical description; the dialogue is so succinct that you can't let your mind waver for an instant; the wisdom is so disconcertingly true that you may resent it:

> "Yes, we all prey on each other. The jungle is never dead" (says gentle Emma Greatheart).
> "Really, it is all tragedy . . . Comedy is a wicked way of looking at it" (says thirteen-year-old Alice).

But the reward is very great. You learn delightedly about even the undelightful, for Miss Compton-Burnett is as great an artist as England has produced in our century.

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Dark Terror

***"The Moon to Play With," by John Wiles** (John Day. 247 pp. $3.50), is a novel of childhood innocence and racial conflict in South Africa. Here it is reviewed by John Cook Wyllie, book editor of the* Richmond News Leader *and member of the staff of the University of Virginia.*

By John Cook Wyllie

IT IS A far cry from the beloved country of Olive Schreiner to the South African society of John Wiles and his contemporaries. The mining of diamonds and gold on the southern end of the Dark Continent has made the problems of race and industrialization intruders in the karoo dust. Novels about Africa, inspired no doubt by the 1948 jackpot of Alan Paton, are now blossoming forth like veldt flowers.

As a novel, one of the latest of these, John Wiles's "The Moon to Play With," is an interesting failure. As prose it has poetic qualities that unhappily died out of the American novel with the passing of Tom Wolfe. These poetic qualities, furthermore, are peculiarly characteristic of the contemporary South African novel, so that Wiles seems in no sense an imitator of Paton, any more than one draught of cold clean water might seem like an imitation of another draught from the same clean cold spring.

Mr. Wiles has taken four or five short stories, two of them superb, one poor, one middling, and has tried to quilt them into a novel. This hasn't worked. The little black boy Pinto is the central character of the stories; and, in fact, the novel takes Pinto from tribal country birth to ritual city death. But the net result of putting the Pinto stories together is not to give them unity. The curtain has come down so often during the novel on what appear to be final scenes that by the end of the book the falling of the curtain lacks finality.

ADMIRERS of Alan Paton and William Faulkner will want to read "The Moon to Play With." Mr. Wiles lacks Paton's compassion for the white man, but he holds greater promise as a writer. He is less mature than Paton, more brittle, not so much of a Pollyanna. He has the same belief in the dignity of man that Faulkner has, and if there is no real sign in this first novel of the promise of its author's stepping eventually into the first rank of contemporary novelists, Mr. Wiles may at least console himself with the reflection that neither was there any such sign in Faulkner's first book.

—*Landseer.*

John Wiles—"poetic qualities."

—*Polyfoto.*

Kate Thompson—"restraint, good taste."

Some Americans will want to know if the African Negro problem, as presented here and elsewhere, has anything to tell them about the American Negro problem. The fact is that in the South Africa of today the Negro problem most closely resembles the American Negro problem of our own carpetbagger days, and surely there is no one now alive who nourishes a nostalgia for the days of Reconstruction.

But the hearts of men change little. The cult of the superman will not only always be with us in some form, it will also always carry with it its sense of undeserved nobility, of lurking fear, of ineffaceable guilt. There is always in every country a little black boy Pinto, fleeing terrified down the corridors of the world.

Brightest Africa

***"Great House," by Kate Thompson** (Houghton Mifflin. 280 pp. $3), is the story of a large and vital family living in South Africa.*

By Cid Ricketts Sumner

AT A TIME when one is apt to think of South Africa as a place of turmoil, racial hatred, and seething unrest it is a bit startling to come upon a story of that region which, though full of exciting event, moves against an essentially unshaken background. We had not realized that families such as the Derains in their 1749 house were still pursuing their well-ordered lives in a world of benevolence and goodwill. Indeed, throughout the first pages one feels this surely must be a tale of another age. Save for the references to unfamiliar place names, trees and plants and animals, one might take it for a story of the antebellum South. The only suggestion of those deep sociological problems we know exist is no more than the faint rumble of thunder on a summer day. Every servant has a cheerful face except Henry the butler and he was so old he did not have to look happy. It is almost as if the Great House and its people have been miraculously preserved like the treasures stowed away for centuries in the camphor kists or chests in the attic, each one standing in pans of ant oil renewed every month.

Yet one cannot but believe in the existence of this family and its way of life, for Miss Thompson so evidently writes out of intimate knowledge and love of place and people, and she writes exceedingly well. Her vivid descriptions of the country are a delight. One feels the sunshine of South Africa, smells the scented bush which is like "a mixture of green willow, sandalwood, tallow wax, brown sugar and lime blossoms"; one sees the mountains back of Great House, the misty blue marshes of the Cape Flats, and beyond them the pale, silky-looking tents of the Helderberg mountains.

True to the family motto—"I grow green again"—the Derains for several hundred years have been spreading out over the countryside. At Great House live the judge, grave and gentle, leaving his sterner self at the courthouse, and his wife, Reniera, who is at "a queer age, not old, not young," full of wonderings, and shaken by her meeting with the young doctor. She finds "something so young an appealing and lovable about his

(*Continued on page* 28)

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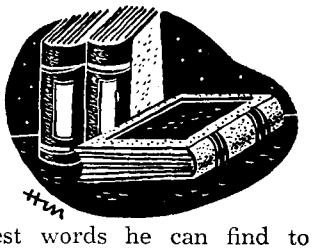
The Fulgent Age of Flux



"The Twenties," by Frederick J. Hoffman *(Viking Press. 466 pp. $6), is an interpretation of American writing during the decade after the First World War. Leon Edel, who reviews it here, is the author of "Henry James: The Untried Years" and visiting professor of English at Indiana University.*

By Leon Edel

THE 1920s have become, in American memory, an incandescent period: prohibition on the one hand, a swift release from inhibition on the other—a general state of emotional intoxication upon which 1929 descended with all the finality of an asbestos curtain. In the journals of Henry Luce it has been depicted, indeed, as a "binge" of which the Depression was the hangover. But we know that it was much more than this and that the Wall Street view of the 1920s was not that of Montparnasse nor certainly of Sauk Center.

Frederick J. Hoffman has set out in "The Twenties" to try to understand this decade through its high pitch of literary creativity. By this means he has hoped to apply a corrective to the stereotype view of the era as ticker-tape, rum-runners, and the Charleston. With commendable industry he has devoted a decade to massive research, as if he were writing a full-fledged history of the time. He has read the documents in their inane abundance and talked with the survivors of the "lost generation"—still reasonably numerous. Then, surveying all this material, he has tried to understand the 1920s through certain of its characteristic works of art, seeing them as "representative anecdotes"—"The Sun Also Rises" as reflecting the war and postwar temper; "The Great Gatsby" as speaking for the "very young" of the era; "The Waste Land" as related to the decade's scientific thought; "The Professor's House" as expressing the "forms of its traditionalism," and "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley" as catching the whole temper of the time.

Now this is a dubious procedure. It forces each work of art into being a function of one segment of the period, whereas each reflected the entire period. "The Waste Land" and "The Sun Also Rises" are in reality about the same thing—the disillusion engendered by war, the loss of faith, the loss of a center; and if "The Professor's House" speaks for tradition, does not "The Waste Land"? Indeed, Miss Cather's novel proffers a critique of American life only a little less sharp than the Menckenian blasts against the "booboisie" or the satire of Sinclair Lewis in "Babbitt."

This book's serious shortcomings lie not only in its artificial and highly arbitrary frame, but in Mr. Hoffman's failure to find a center for the period of which he writes. I would suggest that he has not found it because of his distinct initial failure to understand the meaning of the 1914-1918 war. Indeed, in writing about it, he offers us what could very well be called a classic of understatement. The coming of 1914, he tells us, meant that France and Germany "resumed the quarrel of 1870." And the strongest words he can find to describe the effect of its coming on such writers as Edith Wharton, Willa Cather, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, or even Henry James, is that they were "deeply distressed." Now one does not have to read far to discover that "distress" is a cold euphemism for the acute sense this generation had that 1914 represented a horrible relapse into barbarism; it brought an overwhelming collapse of all the values built up during a period in which the Anglo-Saxon world had nourished an ideal of progress and enlightenment. To speak of the great stride of the German armies into Belgium in 1914 as a mere resumption of an old Franco-German quarrel is to overlook the entire meaning of World War I and the emotions it released.

FROM the present perspective it is clear that the 1920s were a search to

Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Cather, Eliot, Pound, Crane, Faulkner, Cummings, Joyce.

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find an answer to the spiritual decay of the war, the sense that the world was a waste land in which man wandered isolate and imprisoned within his private experience. There was a need to reexamine human values and an urgent sense that another war had to be avoided at all cost—the end of that story we know too well! All this resulted in a profound inward turning on the part of poets and novelists everywhere. The summit work of the period, in its attempt to wrest a single endurable day out of an eternity of flux, was Joyce's "Ulysses," to which Mr. Hoffman barely alludes, and then only to see it as a Freudian off-shoot. Joyce influenced most of the writers who followed and his influence extends deeply into our time. But Mr. Hoffman superimposes upon Joyce and even Eliot the less decisive, though interesting, figure of Ezra Pound. Mr. Pound gave the 1920s a certain vituperative color and certain poetic moods; but it is Joyce and Yeats and Eliot and Hemingway and Faulkner who tower over the literature of the period—who caught the inner meaning of the time and gave it enduring literary form.

I rub my eyes as one who was a junior among the members of the "lost generation." Were the 1920s really like Mr. Hoffman's picture of them? And then I see that Mr. Hoffman hasn't even got his map of Paris right, and talks of the Quartier Latin as if it were in Montparnasse, and thinks that twenty-five francs to the dollar didn't buy much then—when we could buy, so to speak, all Paris with it: and I realize that instead of studying the literature of the time, which gives us the essence emerging out of the clutter, he has resolved that literature back into the clutter.

The Ancient Dunes

By Charles Wharton Stork

THE years have built and whittled at these dunes,
The light green blades of swordgrass curve and flash,
And through a myriad myriads of noons
Untiringly the wave-mounds rear and crash.

Nothing is here to tempt the lust of man
To break the spell of Beauty's free domain,
Where all things are as when they first began
And as they have been ever shall remain.

The Marble Author

"Hawthorne: A New Evaluation," by Hyatt H. Waggoner *(Harvard University Press. 268 pp. $4.75), is an analysis of the writer's art and thought. The reviewer, Randall Stewart, is professor at Brown University and author of "Nathaniel Hawthorne: A Biography."*

By Randall Stewart

IN "Hawthorne: A New Evaluation" Hyatt H. Waggoner is concerned with the writer as artist and thinker. In both respects he may be regarded as having been ahead of his time in the sense that we today are in a better position to appreciate his "rightness" than were most readers in Hawthorne's own century.

"Hawthorne realized that fiction is an art form," says Mr. Waggoner, "long before James began to write in the Hawthorne tradition." "He realized it," the author continues, "when other writers thought of fiction as document, or as the vehicle for something extraneous to itself, or as a harmless form of entertainment." It was this attitude toward fiction (among other things) which separated him from the celebrated of his contemporaries, like Thackeray and Trollope, and allies him with the celebrated of ours, like Kafka and Faulkner. Obviously, if Hawthorne suffered in the short view, he gained, immensely, in the long one. Mr. Waggoner believes that "Hawthorne is a writer whose importance is living, and even increasing." His book gives excellent reasons for so believing.

Hawthorne's fiction, the author asserts, "conveys the kind of knowedge poetry conveys, in symbolic terms not essentially different from those poetry uses." Hawthorne, therefore, should be read (as the modern critics have taught us to read poetry) "with the closest attention to texture." This kind of reading is precisely what Mr. Waggoner's book gives us in rich abundance. The author (unlike some other modern interpreters) has the additional merit of being a lucid and unpretentious expositor. Here, in short, is the "new criticism" at its practical and available best.

The author examines, chiefly, Hawthorne's imagery, in the use of which he discovers a remarkable evolution of patterns. These patterns are not

Hyatt H. Waggoner—"lucid, unpretentious."

fortuitous or arbitrary or irrelevant; they are designed and controlled, and they constitute the essential form which expresses Hawthorne's essential meaning. In "The House of the Seven Gables," for example, the author discovers two contrasted patterns of imagery: the one emphasizing straight lines and angles (in the house itself, in the angular old maid Hepzibah Pyncheon), and the other, curves, circles, and cycles (in the towering Pyncheon elm, in Phoebe, in Clifford's oval face). The angular pattern dominates the first half of the novel, but the circular gains the ascendancy in the concluding part. Two kinds of imagery, similarly, contend with each other for mastery in "The Blithedale Romance": fire imagery, and the imagery of masks, veils, and disguises. If fire prevails in the middle portion, the veil is dominant at the beginning and the end. The imagery of color—the red and the black effectively dominates "The Scarlet Letter." The important thing about all this is that Mr. Waggoner's demonstration of these patterns and their symbolism is more than a *tour de force*, or the work of a critical virtuoso: the demonstration gives astonishing new insight into the heart of Hawthorne's meaning.

MR. WAGGONER is interested, then, in Hawthorne's mastery of image and symbol; he finds in his best work "a depth and completeness of symbolization rare in fiction." He is also in-

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terested in Hawthorne's thought. There is no dichotomy here, because the image-symbol embodies the thought. The burden of the thought—expressed in the fiction in almost infinite variety and complexity—is that man is an imperfect, sinful creature. Mr. Waggoner makes it abundantly clear that Hawthorne was no Pelagian, no Rousseauist, no secular optimist, no utopian materialist: even in the rosy dawn of American progressivism, he saw that machinery and legislation would not do the trick. "Man must not disclaim his brotherhood even with the guiltiest," Hawthorne declared, "since, though his hand be clean, his heart has surely been polluted by the flitting phantoms of iniquity." The heart recurs repeatedly in the symbolic imagery as cavern and dungeon. "Purify that inward sphere!" exclaims the chorus-commentator in one of Hawthorne's famous parables. The view, of course, is precisely that of St. Paul in the well-known text: "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

If Hawthorne is Christian in that he recognizes man's sinfulness, he is democratic in his insistence upon the brotherhood of guilt. The brotherhood of guilt, together with its appropriate corollary, humility, is actually a more satisfactory basis for democracy than that afforded by notions of natural goodness and self-gratulation. Writers like Hawthorne (and Melville) have become, Mr. Waggoner maintains, more serviceable to our democratic thinking today than self-proclaimed philosophers of democracy like Emerson and Whitman. It is encouraging to find a steadily increasing number, especially among the bright young people in the colleges, of Mr. Waggoner's opinion. Mr. Waggoner's book, I venture to predict, will soon be required reading for most American literature majors. It ought to be required reading also for those who are interested in seeing the relation between the art of one of our greatest writers and the problems which confront us all today as sentient, responsible beings.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Shakespeare: "King Lear," I, iv. 2. Tennyson: "Ulysses." 3. Wordsworth: Sonnet, "The World Is Too Much With Us." 4. Robert Browning: "My Last Duchess." 5. Elizabeth Barrett Browning: "Sonnets from the Portuguese," XLIII. 6. Jonson: "To the Memory of My Beloved Master William Shakespeare, and What He Hath Left Us." 7. Marlowe: "Doctor Faustus." 8. Pope: "Moral Essays," Epistle I. 9. "Paradise Lost," Book I. 10. Drayton: Sonnet LXI.

Notes

ANATOMY OF FAILURE: It is not a pleasant task, says Edward H. Davidson, to exhume a literary relic which its author wanted destroyed. Yet in **"Hawthorne's Doctor Grimshawe's Secret"** (Harvard University Press, $5) that is exactly what he does, and with adequate reason. His adventures in literary detection, tracing manuscript pages which the novelist's son had sold to collectors after having published a bowlderized version of the romance in 1883, result in better justice being done to Hawthorne than had been done before. Here, at least, is what Hawthorne wrote as he fumbled during his last years for a story with an English setting and an international theme.

Mr. Davidson prints seven different short preliminary studies of plot or character, some 70,000 words of a first draft, and a second draft which breaks off in the middle of a sentence. None of it really comes off, hardly any of it is good at all. Professionals may enjoy thumbing through it to discover how blunderingly bad an artist can be; they may relish the notes which Hawthorne writes to himself when he realizes that his literary reflexes are not as quick as they once were; they may be tempted to reflect on how much more deftly Henry James handled this kind of theme. Most of us will be satisfied, however, to put this book aside, content to remember Hawthorne for what he did earlier so compellingly well.

—Lewis Leary.

FAULKNER AND THE CRITICS: Although William Faulkner continues to win prizes—his latest this year—his writings and personality have not penetrated the public imagination to any great extent. It was said that when the Nobel Prize was awarded to him six years ago all of his novels were out of print. But during the last twenty years he has at least been fortunate in his critics, perhaps because to explore his fecund imagination and technique demands serious, concentrated study. This accounts for both the usefulness and excellence of the essays collected by Frederick J. Hoffman and Olga W. Vickery in "William Faulkner: Two Decades of Criticism" (Michigan State College Press, $3.75).

In his introduction Mr. Hoffman sketches the fluctuations of critical taste toward Faulkner's work, and pays deserved praise to Malcolm Cowley's balanced essay and selections in the "Portable Faulkner," which was particularly useful in correcting distorted notions of Faulkner as a sensationalist (because of "Sanctuary") and obscurantist. The remaining fifteen essays in this collection deal with the background of his novels, his mythology, method, style; and there are critiques of specific works, including "The Sound and the Fury," "Absalom, Absalom!" and "Intruder in the Dust." It is interesting to observe how many were written by creative writers—Robert Penn Warren, Conrad Aiken, Warren Beck, Sartre, and Elizabeth Hardwick; and how many are book reviews from the quarterlies. The efficient bibliography at the end of the volume helps to make this an illuminating guide to the world of Faulkner's fiction.

—Robert Halsband.

BEYOND UNCLE TOM: Charles H. Foster in **"The Rungless Ladder"** (Duke University Press, $4.50) presents effective evidence to convince us that Harriet Beecher Stowe as person and writer is representative of the changing tides of New England thought as the nineteenth century drew to a close. Calvinist, Unitarian, or Episcopalian, she had the kind of double vision which allowed her to weave the essential aspiration and the equally essential wry humor of her Yankee neighbors into tales which are forgotten only because we remember "Uncle Tom's Cabin" so well. We are invited to discover her Sam Lawson, who is something of Rip Van Winkle and something of Scattergood Baines; to read her "Oldtown Folks," her "The Pearl of Orr's Island," which both Whittier and Sarah Orne Jewett thought exquisite; to find in her revelation of New England character and scene something finer than we had expected. Mr. Foster writes with enthusiasm, and almost convinces. Only after he has coaxed us to Mrs. Stowe's later books, and we go through them with gratitude, do we realize that we read them as we do Joseph C. Lincoln or perhaps Kate Chopin, for reasons which reveal more of our literary curiosity than our literary taste.

—L. L.

"LEAVES OF GRASS" AT 100: Since its publication in 1855 Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" has been followed by a steady outpouring of homage.

(*Continued on page* 28)

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Harvard's Old Master

"Scope of Total Architecture," by Walter Gropius *(edited by Ruth Nanda Anshen. Harper. 185 pp. $3.50), and* ***"Walter Gropius: Work and Teamwork," by Segfried Giedion*** *(Reinhold. 256 pp. $10), present and analyze the work and philosophy of one of the most influential of living architects. Here it is reviewed by Wayne Andrews, author of a history of American architecture to be published shortly by Harper's.*

By Wayne Andrews

YOU may not have heard of Walter Gropius, but every architect has. And even if you aren't familiar with his work you have probably been confronted with buildings that spell out his influence, for better or for worse. For he is one of the high priests of the functionalist or rationalist cult in modern architecture, a controversial figure who comes close to standing for the exact opposite of Frank Lloyd Wright.

Although Gropius retired in 1952 after fifteen years as chairman of the department of architecture at Harvard's Graduate School of Design, it would be a great mistake to suppose that his career is over. He is not quite seventy-two—which means that he is fourteen years younger than Wright—and his enemies as well as his admirers will be surprised if he holds his tongue in the years ahead. World famous in the 1920s for his leadership of the Bauhaus at Dessau, an art and architecture school that presumed to train craftsmen for service in German industry, he has been provoking arguments for most of his life, and probably would be disappointed if two new books about him and his message were greeted with the reverence granted the utterances of prophets no longer worth challenging. One of these books, "Scope of Total Architecture," is a collection of his recent contributions to magazines and newspapers. The other, "Walter Gropius: Work and Teamwork," is a critical study by his old friend Siegfried Giedion.

Gropius can't help being puzzled by the criticism, friendly and unfriendly, that has been heaped upon him in his native Germany and in the United States. "I have been told," he reports in the introduction to "Scope of Total Architecture," "that a tree which is supposed to bear my name has been planted in Chicago on the campus of Michael Reese Hospital . . . I want this to be a tree in which birds of many colors and shapes can sit and feel sustained. I do not wish to restrict it to species with square tailends or streamlined contours or international features or Bauhaus garb. In short, I wish it to be a hospitable tree from which many songs should be heard, except the fake sounds of the bird imitators."

Gropius has not always been so lighthearted. Thirty-two years ago he reached the somewhat solemn conclusion that "architecture is a collective art." He felt that "the dominant spirit of our epoch is already recognizable although its form is not yet clearly defined. The old dualistic world-concept which envisaged the ego in opposition to the universe is rapidly losing ground. In its place is rising the idea of a universal unity in which all opposing forces are in a state of absolute balance."

In 1955 this sort of talk may sound a little strange, but in 1923 it was, apparently, just what the youth of Germany was anxious to hear. To the Bauhaus flocked dozens of would-be designers positive that individualism was as dated as the *bons mots* in a drawing-room comedy. They were also impressed, these young men, and they had a right to be, by Gropius's willingness to cope with modern materials such as iron, steel, and glass. His Fagus shoe-last works at Hanover was admired from one end of Europe to the other.

It would be pleasant to point out that Gropius at seventy-two is more flexible than at forty, but it would not be quite accurate. Although willing today to pay lip service to the notion that there is "no finality in architecture—only continuous change," he has serious doubts about the wisdom of letting young men express themselves. "Students," he says, "should be trained to create in teams . . . in order to learn the methods of collaboration with others." He admits that "it is just as easy to create a modern straitjacket as a Tudor one," but sees no good reason why the architects of tomorrow should be confronted in their student days with the best buildings of yesterday. Architectural history, therefore, is a waste of time, for "when the innocent beginner is introduced to the great achievements of the past he may be too easily discouraged from trying to create for himself."

Since there is so much in Gropius's essays that needs to be explained to an American audience it is unfortunate that Dr. Giedion's compilation cannot be recommended as a critical review either of the architect's philosophy or of his executed projects. The author took on the job with serious misgivings. "The proposal," he tells us, "took me by surprise. But, after a few days of reflection, I consented . . . and flew to the United States to go through the material with Walter Gropius himself . . ."

GIEDION, who is well informed on no end of topics, takes the trouble to point out that "by 1840 the handloom weaving industry in France was reported to be in a final flicker of agony," but never quite comes to grips with the subject at hand. "This," he says, "is neither the time nor the place to discuss in detail the work of the Bauhaus." More than one reader will be bound to ask why. Over twenty years have gone by since the Nazis forced Gropius to flee first to England and then to the United States. Surely it is high time someone checked the facts and found out whether the Bauhaus was successful in its aims. Were its graduates coordinated into German industry, as the founder intended? Or were they baffled by the business world?

Bruno Zevi, in his already classic but as yet untranslated "Storia dell'-Architettura Moderna," claims that rationalism, of which Gropius has been so conspicuous an exponent, has long since spent its force. But there is not a word in Giedion's tract to suggest that there has been in many parts of the world a revolt against Bauhaus principles. Worst of all, there is no mention of Wright's crusade to discredit the teachings of the Harvard School.

Giedion's comments on Gropius's buildings, from the Bauhaus unit to his major achievement in the United States, the Harvard Graduate School that he designed in conjunction with his students, tend to be superficial.

Giedion's monograph has its merits, however. The illustrations are excellent, and the checklist of the architect's work is authoritative. Moreover, its very publication reminds us of one of the vital issues of modern architecture. Granted the challenge of the machine age, is there no other solution but that of Gropius? Is it absolutely necessary for the individual to be sacrificed in the process? Of course Frank Lloyd Wright would raise his voice in protest. And if our West Coast were heard from he would not be alone.

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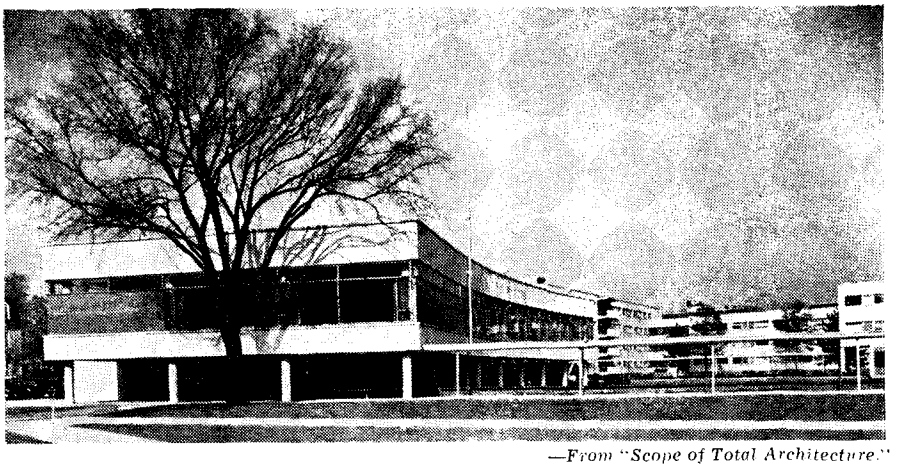
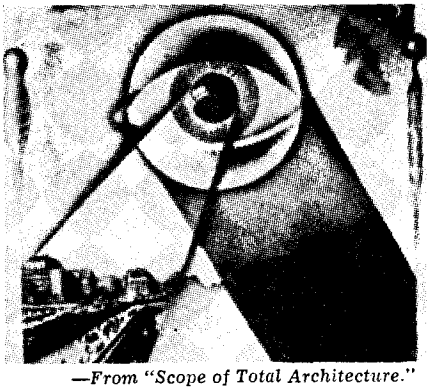


—From "Scope of Total Architecture."

Harvard Graduate Center, Cambridge (1949).

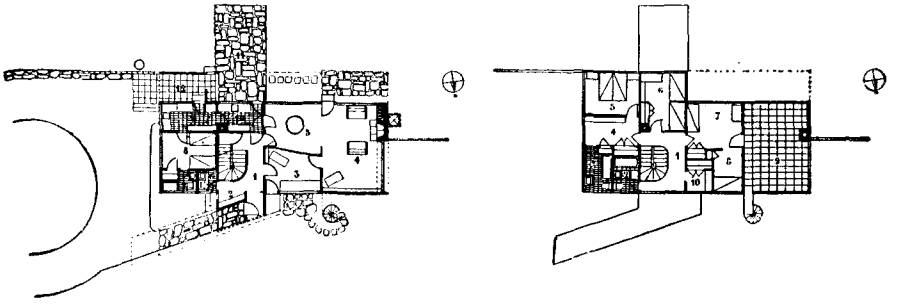
—From "Walter Gropius."

The Boston Center (1953).



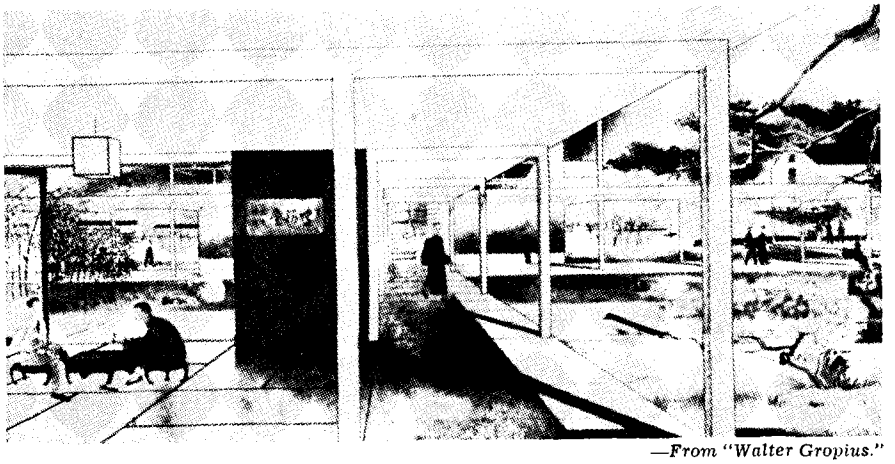
—From "Scope of Total Architecture."

Knowledge of optical illusion is necessity for a designer.



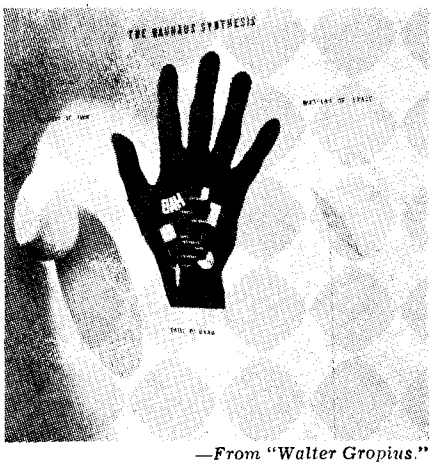
—From "Walter Gropius."

Ground and second floors of Gropius's home at Lincoln, Mass. (1937).



—From "Walter Gropius."

Hua Tung University, Shanghai, China (1946).



—From "Walter Gropius."

Mastery of form and space is important.

—Charles Forbey.

AS AN architect Walter Adolph Georg Gropius, the author of the two scholarly architectural books reviewed on the facing page, was once described as a founder of "the concrete-pipe-and-plate-glass school." Which is not exactly the way Mr. Gropius himself might put it, though his dream has been to develop an architecture ideally fitted to the industrial age. That is why shortly after World War I he founded in Weimar, Germany, the "Staatliches Bauhaus," a pretty progressive school for its time in which he coaxed his students away from the drawing-board and set them to work fashioning their own dreams out of actual stone, wood, or clay in the classroom. Mr. Gropius came to the U.S. in 1937 as a professor at the Harvard Graduate School of Design. A year later he became chairman of Harvard's Department of Architecture and is now professor-emeritus. In this august position he again plumped against "paper" thinking and insisted that his students absorb a thorough knowledge of building materials and work under a building contractor before they got their diplomas. Mr. Gropius has not been afraid to dirty his own hands. In addition to designing a score or so of notable buildings, he has had a hand in fashioning a stove or two and the body for a German automobile. For himself he has designed a big, sunny glass house which, despite its super-heating system, still included a fireplace—a seeming anachronism which Mrs. Gropius explained away easily. "We want to keep all that is beautiful and useful," she said, "and only discard the superfluous and the awkward." —JOHN HAVERSTICK.

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The Saturday Review

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Does Anyone Have Time to Think?

WE IN America have been concerned for some years with the lot of underprivileged peoples throughout the world. But we have yet to do anything for one of the most underprivileged peoples of all. Ourselves.

We have more food than we can eat. We have more money per person than anywhere else in the world; with 6 per cent of the population we hold 80 per cent of the wealth. We have bigger homes, bigger television sets, bigger cars, bigger theatres, bigger schools. We have everything we need, in fact, except the most important thing of all—time to think and the habit of thought. We lack time for the one indispensable for safety of an individual or a nation.

Thought is the basic energy in human history. Civilization is put together not by machines but by thought. Similarly, man's uniqueness is represented not by his ability to make objects but to sort them and relate them. Other animals practise communication; only man has the capacity for comprehension. Displace or eliminate thought, and the species itself has as little claim on survival as the dinosaurs with the four-foot skulls and the pea-sized brains. The impotence of the brute alongside the power of the sage is represented by thought.

Consider where we in America stand today. We have been told and we have told ourselves that we have the responsibility to lead. We are asked to keep freedom alive; we are asked to find some way to prevent a war that would incinerate one billion or more human beings and twist and deform the rest. It is not a simple task. Leadership today requires not so much a determination to smash the other fellow as an understanding of the lessons of human experience. It requires a profound knowledge of the diseases of civilizations. It requires ability to anticipate the effects of actions. In short, it requires thought. But who is doing the thinking? Who is giving sustained and incisive thought to the most complicated and dangerous problem in the age of man?

Next question: Does anyone have time to think? Does the President have time to think? The daily calendar of an American President, with its endless appointments and glad-handing chores, not only excludes sustained thought but creates the kind of staccato, jangling pattern of mental activity that leads to a demand for surcease rather than study. A day on the golf links thus becomes a useful cathartic for eliminating congested impressions and helping a man to retain his sanity, but it doesn't necessarily provide the occasion for concentrated and consecutive thought.

If the President has no time to think, then who? Almost everyone in Washington is spending so much time being strategical that almost no one is being historical. There are so many movers and shakers that there is hardly any room for thinkers.

THIS is not a political party matter; the churning and flailing easily crosses party lines. Washington does not exist in terrible isolation. Washington can be only a reflection and a projection of the national character and temperament. If office-holders are too busy to think, do they differ from the business executive, college president, teacher, man on the assembly line, or housewife?

The paradox, of course, is that we are busy doing nothing. Never before has so much leisure time been available to so many. Leisure hours now exceed working hours. But we have a genius for cluttering. We have somehow managed to persuade ourselves that we are too busy to think, too busy to read, too busy to look back, too busy to look ahead, too busy to understand that all our wealth and all our power are not enough to safeguard our future unless there is also a real understanding of the danger that threatens us and how to meet it. Thus, being busy is more than merely a national passion; it is a national excuse.

The real question, however, concerns not the time or lack of it we provide for thought, but the value we place on thought. What standing does thoughtfulness enjoy in the community-at-large? What great works of contemporary literature assign importance to thought or make heroes of thoughtful men? Action, accumulation, diversion—these seem to be the great imperatives. We are so busy entertaining ourselves and increasing the size and ornamentations of our personal kingdoms that we have hardly considered that no age in history has had as many loose props under it as our own.

Everyone seems to agree, from the President down, that we have to find some way other than war to protect ourselves, support the cause of freedom in the world, and serve the cause of man. But who is giving any consecutive thought to an "other way"? We ask the world's peoples to spurn the lie of Communism, and we back up this advice with the offer of guns, but what revolutionary idea do we ourselves espouse? War in Asia seems all too imminent but we talk about it as though it is some unpleasant little business at a distance instead of the curtain raiser for a war in which the big bombs will be dropped on America just as surely as they will be dropped on the enemy. Meanwhile, we are told by government that there is no real defense against atomic attack, after all. Surely, all this requires some thought.

This nation of ours will not reproduce itself automatically. The meaning and the wonder of it will not be sustained by momentum alone. If we have something worth saving, as we have, somewhere in our national culture or economy we shall have to find a proper place for thought.

There is no point in passing the buck or looking for guilty parties. We got where we are because of the busy man in the mirror. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ANOTHER YOUNG WRITER

IN THE REVIEW of "Bonjour Tristesse," by Francoise Sagan [*SR* March 5], the reviewer, Rosemary C. Benét, in the course of giving the book the kind of glowing report it seems also to be gaining in other quarters here, compares the author with other writers "so remarkable, so young." That in this process she could have forgotten another young girl's story, the similarity to this one in itself striking enough to have come to mind, I find difficult to understand. Not only Mrs. Benét, however, but all the other reviewers of Mlle. Sagan's book seem not to remember that a scant two years ago or so "The Illusionist," by Françoise Mallet, appeared here.

Mlle. Mallet was but twenty when she wrote her recent recollections of her father, his mistress, and her own strange, disturbing part in their relationship. While I do not wish to damn Mlle. Sagan's work, it seems to me the other is a far superior book, but neither the publishers, who bought it, nor the public who wouldn't, remember anything about it these days. It is a great pity when a work deserving attention and a wide reading public is allowed to gather dust, while lesser efforts are promoted to a prominence beyond their worth by our literary salesmen.

DON CHARBONNEAU.

New York, N.Y.

VISIT WITH MIKIMOTO-SAN

BENNETT CERF'S NOTE [TRADE WINDS *SR* March 5] concerning a forthcoming biography of Mikimoto-san recalls an interesting experience I shared in August of 1951 with Professors Leon Howard of UCLA and Hideo Kishimoto and Shinzo Kaji of the Tokyo National University.

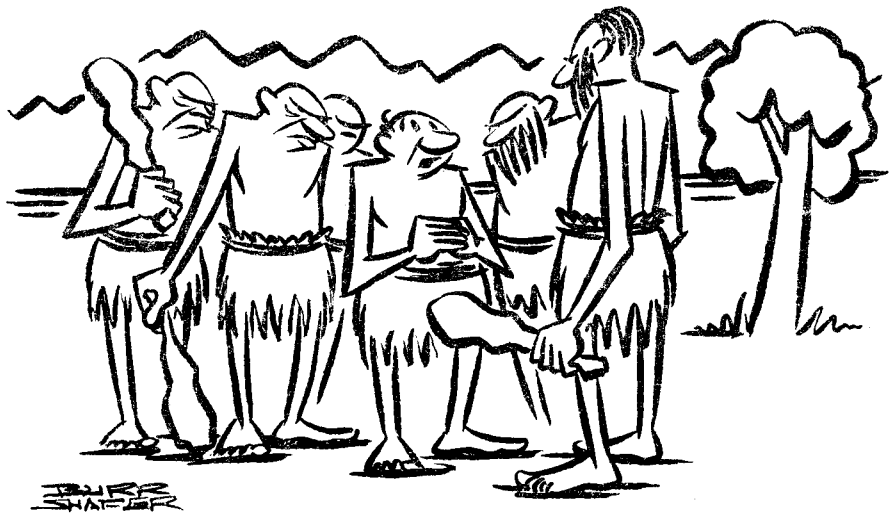
Following a strenuous summer of teaching in Tokyo we had gone to the Ise Peninsula for a short holiday before returning to our respective institutions. We left the railway at Uji-Yamada and transferred to a bus which jolted us to our destination by ten o'clock in the evening. We put up at a beautifully located Western style hotel—the Shima Kanko Hotel—overlooking the quiet waters of Ago Bay.

The following morning we took a small boat and crossed a mile or so of water sprinkled with wooden rafts from which were suspended the square, chicken-wire cakes housing the oysters producing Mikimoto's pearls. At one of the many pine-wooded islets we went ashore and waited for a few minutes in a small water-side pavilion while a messenger went to the "Pearl King's" house to announce our arrival. After signing the guest register and tea we walked to Mikimoto-san's modest house and visited with the nonagenarian about the early days of his career, the pearl industry, and his health. He made it abundantly clear that he had enjoyed living and working throughout his long life; he also made it clear that he was proud of his ninety-three years. He attributed his longevity, he said, to his teeth, purchased in Chicago, and a food-intake ratio prescribed by his Japanese doctor. This latter intrigued us not only because of its novelty, but also because of its obvious good sense. The ratio, he said, for the three daily meals—3-2-1—seemed nicely calculated to supply the fuel needs of the human body during the hours of heavy, moderate, and light work and rest.

As we took our departure, the genial old gentleman, dressed in a black kimono, topped with a black derby, and carrying a walking staff, stepped outside into the warm sunshine to pose with us for photographs. We said goodbye and returned to our hotel. As we re-crossed the bay we knew that we had met one of the world's great entrepreneurs and one of the founders of modern Japan.

GEORGE H. KNOLES.

Stanford, Calif.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"You're right—I picked out the wrong hunting ground—I'm too inexperienced to lead—we need a new chief—I resign."

MUSIC IN WORDS

I AM UNABLE to agree more than partly with the article by Archibald MacLeish entitled "The Proper Pose of Poetry" [*SR* March 5]. Quite possible my greatest objection is to the concept that poetry must have a pose, and the poet be a poseur. I am sixty-five. Modern verse simply does not register with me, and I have found by many inquiries of competent people younger than myself that I am not alone. A young college graduate said to me recently: "If what they call poetry nowadays makes sense, then I am nuts—and I won't admit it." This is one of the milder responses I have received.

There is still no doubt in my mind that poetry is capable of being the highest form of literary expression. Period. Real poetry is pure inspiration, I take it, which is why no one poet ever composed more than a few really moving poems. But some have the desire to write volumes of verse, and they do. I don't mind too much—not at my age, any more. But this gibberish and doggerel we meet up with under the guise of modernity really disturbs me. I do find that there is prose that has as high literary value as real poetry, and it is scarce, too. Such holy offerings as the Gettysburg Address, or John Ingalls's essay on Bluegrass, for example. I have on my bookshelves a thin brown volume by a naturalist of the last century named Maurice Thompson; the title is "By Ways and Bird Notes." I have read the whole volume many times through the years.

LAURENS C. BOLLES.

Albuquerque, N.M.

PREMATURE METAPHOR

"LINCOLN'S DOCTOR'S DOG," by Christopher Morley [*SR* Feb. 12], is an interesting and readable sketch, but it seems to me that in one spot the author is guilty of a slight anachronism.

On page ten, where the doctor is preparing to take Lincoln's pulse from his ankles, Lincoln is made to remark, "They're kind of a long way from the power house." Today that metaphor is familiar and understandable (in fact, as far as context goes, apart from the historical setting, it is a "natural"), but would it have been familiar and understandable in Lincoln's time? I may be wrong, but I think not. In those days, of course, water power and steam power were common, and even experimental developments in the use of electricity had been made, and strictly speaking, perhaps any enclosure in which power of any kind is developed might be called a power house. But I believe that the term "power house," in the sense required by Mr. Morley's context, did not come into use until the Eighties, or later.

LAURENCE V. DEGNAN.

San Francisco, Calif.

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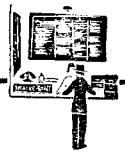

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

A THEATRE PLACE

TO THE average theatregoer Actors Studio is a name vaguely associated with Marlon Brando, Julie Harris, Kim Stanley, and Eva Marie Saint. To the Broadway showman the name stands for a hornet's nest of young actors who stubbornly insist upon naturalness and the Stanislavski method, and who totally disdain such things as style, audible good speech, and graceful movement. In actuality, however, Actors Studio is a group of about 100 actors and some eighty-five observers which meets for a two-and-one-half-hour period twice a week for the purpose of watching a few of its members act scenes designed to develop acting technique.

To a casual visitor the session is apt to be baffling. A scene usually begins with two or three minutes during which an actor says nothing. When finally he does speak he may be just barely audible. Between the speeches there are often long moments of silence or mysterious gestures. The reason for this Bedlam in reverse is that the actor is not attempting to make the scene effective as a piece of drama, but rather is using it to explore the possibilities of releasing a fuller acting response to his material. Each actor is working in any way he chooses to solve an individual problem.

When a scene is finished director Lee Strasberg asks each actor what problem he was working on and what stimuli he was using to achieve the desired response. The members then evaluate the work with Mr. Strasberg himself usually giving the most thorough analysis. Finally he indicates what he believes the actor might logically proceed to work on with profit. He assumes no infallibility. "I'm like a doctor," Mr. Strasberg tells them, "One day I may say try such-and-such. If it doesn't work, the next day I may advise trying the opposite."

In point of fact, Mr. Strasberg is more eclectic than many of the members who would like to turn what he says into dogma. This he discourages like a psychoanalyst running from a patient transference. Even so, inexperienced and overenthusiastic Studio actors do sometimes of their own accord offer resistance to the methods of commercial directors who work from the outside in. More often what happens is that non-Studio performers like Montgomery Clift or Geraldine Page attempt introspective interpretations that may seem to lack discipline, and the theatre world blames it on Actors Studio. In reality, the Studio believes that actors should speak well and encourages them to take voice work and other kinds of training that every actor needs, but it *only teaches acting.* Its members pay no fees. The only currency that can buy a membership is talent enough to pass two auditions which must eliminate all but nine or ten out of 1,000 annual applicants.

After eight years of nomadic existence Actors Studio has now begun its first real fund drive in order to purchase a $60,000 permanent home at 432 West 44th Street. At the time this article was written $69,000 had been raised, which assures ownership. However, a great deal more must be raised if the Studio is to carry out its planned projects there.

The first $10,000 raised in excess of the purchase price will go towards putting the building and particularly its theatre and stage into workable shape. After that the hope is that the Studio can raise $50,000 a year with which to operate its program. First priority will go to projects. This is essential, because the actors badly need to have their explorations molded into final results by directors familiar with their potentialities.

Next priority will go to the establishing of a musical workshop, a playwriting workshop, and classes in voice and stage movement. If plans work out Actors Studio may be able to keep several plays in permanent production with alternate casts, so that at any time it can show a finished example of its work. These might also be ideal for ANTA to send abroad.

Whatever the concrete results may be—and the fact that 75 per cent of Broadway's best young actors and actresses have been Studio members would seem to promise a great deal—Actor Studio is an organization whose existence does not depend on money, and whose value does not depend entirely on results.

For in a profession as insecure as the theatre the performer spends a large part of his time unemployed, and most of the rest of it in the stagnating circumstances of having to repeat one role night after night. To keep up his faith and creativeness the actor needs a place where together with others whose problems are the same as his he can share the experience of creating out of self-discovery. Actors Studio is that kind of psychoanalytic church, or—as the Reverend Doctor Strasberg puts it—"a theatre place."

—HENRY HEWES.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 613

If you would abolish avarice, you must abolish its mother, luxury. —CICERO.

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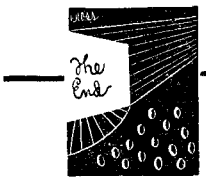

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM

HOLLYWOOD seems gradually to be overcoming its long-standing reluctance to recognize that *enfant terrible* of the entertainment industry, television. Whereas at one time only the oldest and shoddiest of its "C" pictures were made available to the telecasters, today "B" and even unsuccessful "A" productions of as little as five or six years ago are turning up on the tiny screens. The ban against their contract players appearing "in person" on TV has been lifted by most of the studios; and frequently the glossier TV playhouses revive outstanding film stories, presenting them "live" with the original stars appearing in their original roles. The televised Academy Awards, the innumerable "toasts" to motion-picture studios and personalities, the money that the movie industry is now spending to advertise its wares through special TV "trailers" all are landmarks along the way.

At the same time Hollywood has been doing some sporadic snatching at television-bred talent. Grace Kelly and Eva Marie Saint are only two of the current crop of stars whose faces became familiar in parlors from coast to coast long before they were discovered by the studios. Even Liberace is working on a movie now. But more important is the movies' recent discovery of **"Marty"** (United Artists). I'm not sure that "Marty" is actually the first television play to be turned into a film, although I think it likely. It won't be the last. For what this lovely, touching, wonderfully human picture reveals is that a fine TV script provides a better basis for a film than possibly any other source of movie material outside of the *bona fide* original. Both media share a remarkable power of concentration, of bringing the action up close to the viewer. Through use of the close-up, they can convey the subtler shadings of personality—the unexpressed longings and frustrations of inarticulate people, the revealing gestures of habit, a flick of concern in the eyes. In the hands of an experienced, inventive director the TV camera can become almost as mobile as a movie, the cutting from camera to camera almost as rhythmic and precise.

Paddy Chayefsky, the talented young man who wrote "Marty" first for television and then prepared the screen adaptation, is aware of these resemblances, especially as opposed to the vast gulf between TV and theatre. "In the theatre," he said recently, "you build your story through the big things that make people separate from each other. In television you can concentrate on the innumerable tiny things that hold people together. It's television's quality of intimacy that I find so fascinating, the possibility of making something dramatic out of a small moment. It's such a marvelous medium for the ordinary."

It is Chayefsky's uncanny knack for discovering the ordinary and investing it with warmth and significance that has made him one of the highest paid writers in television. In plays like "Catch My Boy on Sunday" and "Bachelor Party"—and, of course, "Marty"—he displayed a rare ability to build up the truth of his characters through spare, pungent dialogue (he has a marvelous ear for natural turns of speech) and small, revealing situations. Now that "Marty" has been blown up to the theatre screen dimensions (but *not* CinemaScope, *not* Technicolor), we can see that Chayefsky's TV technique works equally well in the movies. With what he refers to as "seven previous hitches in Hollywood" among his writing credits, Chayefsky was amply prepared to undertake the transition. As a result, his film makes splendid use of Bronx exteriors—the crowded shopping streets, the long night-shadows underneath the El, a late evening stroll through neon-lit streets. The chrome and wood of a real bar, the plastic table-tops of a real luncheonette, the sordid glamour of a real dancehall—these all help heighten the reality of his characters, and of the story he is telling. He has taken advantage, in short, of the camera's ability to travel around to broaden his canvas, what he calls "the movies' advantage of space." But the heart of his film is still the characters themselves, minutely observed and warmly projected.

MARTY is a Bronx butcher—a fat, homely man of thirty-four. He does his job well, lives with his mother, and hangs out with the gang on Saturday nights. Everybody likes Marty, and everybody worries because Marty doesn't have a girl. Marty would like to get married, but a succession of blind dates and unrewarding pick-ups have made him less than optimistic about his chances. Urged by his mother, he halfheartedly tries his luck once more at a midtown ballroom. And this time he's successful. He finds Clara, a schoolteacher who is just as plain and lonely and anxious to find a mate as he is. Then the opposition goes to work. The boys start to kid him about "that dog" he picked up at the dance. His mother begins to worry about what will become of her if Marty gets married. She asks pointed questions about the girl's religion, her parentage, her age. And Marty is left with the realization that all his days will be empty and futile unless he makes a stand for what he wants.

There must be millions of Martys. What makes this Marty exceptional is the fact that Chayefsky has created him so fully, with such warmth and humor and affection, that inevitably all the other lonely Martys who wonder how to spend their Saturday nights are reflected in his image. And their drab, meaningless lives suddenly seem important, worth knowing about, simply because this Marty is such a nice, well-meaning guy. Chayefsky says that when he began writing "Marty" he thought of it as a comedy. Certainly, much of the film is very funny. But never is the laughter directed against Marty. It is the kind of laughter that comes instead

—From "Marty."

"It is a comedy that wells up from a deep humanity . . . of spirit."

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from seeing things go well, the kind of laughter that comes gratefully to dissolve a scene of almost unbearable pathos. It is a comedy that wells up from a deep humanity and sweetness of spirit.

As Marty, Ernest Borgnine leaves nothing to be desired. Familiar to movie audiences as the sadistic Fatso in "From Here to Eternity" and as Spencer Tracy's pugnacious heckler in "Bad Day at Black Rock," Borgnine suggests for the first time how completely he had created those roles. Marty might almost live on another planet, so different is he from all previous characters in Borgnine's repertoire. Here the voice, the gestures, the eyes convey only a half-educated, half-articulate second-generation Italo-American, an ugly duckling with a heart of gold. Borgnine not only understands his character, he knows how to make the audience understand and love him. In an early scene his mother is urging him to go out again and meet some girls. Borgnine, in an agony of frustration, suddenly flares up against her, then, his outburst over, pats her shyly and consolingly on the arm. The gesture tells all—and almost breaks your heart. Probably not a half-dozen actors in Hollywood could have brought it off.

ACTUALLY, the casting throughout is a sort of minor miracle. There are no stars, no top box-office names to lure the customers. The players were obviously all selected for what they could contribute to their roles. Betsy Blair (Mrs. Gene Kelly) creates a luminous portrait of the shy, awkward teacher deserted in the dancehall by her blind date. Joe Mantell as Marty's slow-witted sidekick makes it clear that his selfish petulance springs from his immaturity, not meanness of spirit. Jerry Paris and Karen Steele as Marty's squabbling in-laws, Esther Minciotti as his overloving mother maintain just the right note of everyday living. Delbert Mann, who directed the original TV presentation of "Marty" as well as this film version, has worked all of these performances into a beautifully cohesive whole.

The result is a picture of genuine emotional impact, a film of rare honesty and heart. True, the full range of the camera has not been used. "Marty" is a small work, a chamber work if you like. But in this day of elephantiasis of the screen, it proves more refreshing than the first breath of spring. And it may help Hollywood to discover an important new source of significant story material—not merely in television, but in the lives and emotions of unimportant, unglamorous people whose simple stories hold a wealth of meaning for us all. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Tebaldi's Tosca, etc.

FOR a while during the Met performance of "Tosca," which introduced Renata Tebaldi's conception of the title part to that house, it seemed that her graph of accomplishment was destined for a downward dip. Her first act was not particularly well sung, she was unbecomingly costumed, and the light touch required for the coquetry with Cavaradossi was mostly absent. However, a Tosca stands or falls on what she offers in Act II, and Tebaldi here magnetized attention with her well-planned loathing of Scarpia, and her equally determined dispatch of him once her plan of action was clear. Meanwhile, she added vocal vigor to the whole, delivering "Vissi d'arte" in a manner to justify what it used to be called—a "prayer to the Virgin."

Given a Tosca of such quality, it seemed deplorable that Tebaldi was surrounded by what, on the whole, was a road-show cast. As noted, Campora is a clean-cut young man with a nice voice who lacks stature for this theatre, and the Scarpia was Texan Walter Cassel, returned to the Met after vicissitudes elsewhere (his debut dates back to 1942). He sang a practised Baron, but one of rather limited vocal and dramatic objectives.

Among other musical happenings of the week, the opera also took precedence with the first appearance of California-born Jerome Hines as Don Giovanni. The photograph albums of bygone singers of Mozart are replete with those short and trim, like Maurel, or medium height and broad, like Scotti, or tall and fairly lean, as Pinza in his prime. It is impossible to separate the vocal performance of Hines from his massive physique, which subjected those with whom he was associated to the status of pygmies, and himself to a series of droops, contractions, and knee-bends to make him a virtual "Hunchback of the Opera."

I will credit Hines with a remarkable vocal discipline in holding his big voice within such restraint: one had the impression it was an easy *mezza voce* effort on his part. If the sound did not have volatile fire or quicksilver life, it did have substance, authority, and a good deal of finesse. He loomed rather grotesquely above the women, including Eleanor Steber, singing a vocally wiry but well-phrased Anna, Lucine Amara, broad in sound and style as Elvira, and Hilde Gueden, an expert Zerlina. As for Eugene Conley as Ottavio, he could scarcely cross glances—let alone swords—with Giovanni Hines. Lorenzo Alvary as Leporello and Lawrence Davidson as Masetto were downgradings of Met standards. —I. K.

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Asia

Continued from page 15

ideal is what Chester Bowles did in India. Private individuals and agencies can often prove useful to supplement what is done through official channels.

More than once, as is inevitable in so controversial a subject, Professor Reischauer enters daringly on debatable ground. He believes that continued cooperation between Russia and the Chinese Communist regime is unlikely and that we can promote the rift. Economic and military pressures, he holds, may retard or prevent it. As aiding the rift he favors our recognition of Communist China and the admission of that Government to the United Nations.

Notes

ASIAN SURVEY: A short but comprehensive history extending from 1919 through the Third Congress in 1954 is offered in M. R. Masani's **"The Communist Party of India"** (Macmillan, $3.50). Careful documentation supports the author's thesis that the Kremlin's grip on the Party in India has been more firm than any imperial power's control over her colonies. This is a vitally important book, as solid and useful as anything of its kind.

Josef Korbel, Czechoslovakian chairman of the UN Commission for India and Pakistan, gives a conscientiously detailed account of the Kashmir dispute, its history and bitterly involved development, in **"Danger in Kashmir"** (Princeton University Press, $5). A scholarly British chronicle of the urgent and disorderly negotiations that led to independence and partition, which in turn sparked the tinder in Kashmir, is found in E. W. R. Lumby's **"The Transfer of Power in India"** (Praeger, $4.50).

Walter Kolarz's **"The Peoples of the Soviet Far East"** (Praeger, $4.50) is a study, built on necessarily scarce documentation, of Soviet colonial policy and colonization in her eastern Asian territories. That awareness of the presence of Russia in the Far East is not limited to the twentieth century is revealed, together with other informative and entertaining materials, in Donald Keene's **"The Japanese Discovery of Europe"** (Grove, $4.50). Mr. Keene, a Lecturer in Japanese at Cambridge University, traces the beginnings of Japanese interest in the outside world, with special attention to the eighteenth-century writer, Honda Toshiaki.

—WILLIAM C. CLIFFORD.

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Fiction

Continued from page 16

bent dark head that her hand moved on the banister with a little upward stroking movement. Then she let go and walked on." A prophetic letting-go, for she set honor and regard for others above this sudden love. The son of the house is Beau, the wild one, and the only one of this rich and lively collection of characters who does not quite ring true. The daughters are the nunlike nurse Reinet and Susan, who is daring and impetuous. In the town Cornelius, the judge's brother, lives with his nagging wife and patient son, and at French Farm not far away are his sister Violet, the only spinster Derain, and great-aunt Grace, who is over a hundred and does not hesitate to be responsible for the crippled son of an old friend, receiving him with affection.

There is plenty of excitement in all these lives, there are birth, death, tragedy, disillusion, innocence betrayed, attempted murder, witchcraft, all credibly presented in deceptively quiet writing which has restraint and good taste and a sense of continuity often missed in present-day stories.

Notes

HAUNTED MAN: Until Hiroshima, First Lieut. Allerd Pennington, a seemingly well-adjusted husband and father who is the hero of Vance Bourjaily's **"The Hound of Earth"** (Scribner's, $3.50), had not actually known that the laboratory devices he had been working on were part of the mechanism of the atomic bomb. The disclosure stuns him into an effort to resign from the human race. Five years later he is arrested in a dreary tenement in San Francisco. Somehow two deaths, an assault, and a variety of lesser misdemeanors are related to him. Sentenced to Leavenworth, he regularly applies for transfer to the Federal Penitentiary at Alcatraz.

All this we are told in the fast-paced exposition of the opening pages of the novel. But the bulk of the book is set in the last place Pennington finds employment, the Mainways Department Store. That the arrest occurs on Christmas Eve and that he has heretofore been working in the store's pink-lit Santaland is obviously designed by Mr. Bourjaily to underscore man's inhumanity to man and the soiling loss of his innocence. If this symbolism fails to register, the ejection of Santa himself from the corrupted paradise over which he presides and his subsequent death are accents that none can miss, and perhaps this is the main flaw of Mr. Bourjaily's metaphor. For Santaland is too luridly lit by fancy flashes of symbolical revelation, and its staff is too insistently neurotic. Mr. Bourjaily makes Pennington neurotically interesting too most of the time, but he fails in the end to make him admirable. The trouble with Pennington, who might seem like a saint in the plainly base and diseased (and contrived) world in which Mr. Bourjaily places him, is that he thinks without really acting, thereby becoming pathetic, not tragic, and thereby cutting Mr. Bourjaily's novel down to a thoughtful, but not always successful, work. —CHARLES LEE.

GENERAL IN WAR AND DEFEAT: One-legged Sam Hood, who has come down to us as a lesser luminary in the vast galaxy of Confederate generals, is the man who wields **"The Bright Sword"** of Eleanor Perenyi's new historical novel of that name (Rinehart, $3.50). General Hood, when first seen in September 1863, is enroute to the West and the Army of Tennessee. He arrives for a bloody collision at Chickamauga, loses his leg, convalesces in Richmond, and courts the fetching Miss Buck Campbell, who manages to wind the General about her small, pale finger by some explicable magic. Then, once he escapes that scene, the General joins the full retreat in the West, at last replacing Joseph E. Johnston as commander before Atlanta.

It is difficult to grasp the shortcoming of Miss Perenyi's novel, for it is of high quality and offers frequent flashes of perception as she creates new characters of Hood and the men with whom he fought. The author is at her best in rendering occasional sights and scenes of camp life while simultaneously revealing phases of Hood's character—as in his determination not to "make a fool of himself" by public prayer before his men as Stonewall Jackson habitually did. Nor does Miss Perenyi lack the courage or the sharp eye to depict her historical figures. But she perhaps lacks the particular skills essential to setting the large scenes necessary for the recreation of time past. And, despite her protestation that she has not written a "fictionalized biography," she seems to this reviewer to have done just that. As a result, General Hood seems much of the time to be slashing his "bright sword" somewhat aimlessly about in a fog of unreality. —EVANGELINE DAVIS.

Writers and Writing

Continued from page 19

though certainly articles of dissent have not been wanting. Much of what can be said of the good and controversial gray poet and his masterpiece has already been said. But that the ways of saying and the possibilities of sharpened insight are seemingly endless is notably demonstrated in **"Leaves of Grass—One Hundred Years After"** (Stanford University Press, $5). When seven skilful American and British critics undertake to comment upon Walt Whitman, the man and the poet, they reveal the range of the subject in ways likely to continue the flow of interest and debate.

Although each essayist has his particular area of interest, certain dominant concerns bring the various chapters into interesting cohesion. William Carlos Williams, Kenneth Burke, and David Daiches look intently at literary problems in "Leaves of Grass." Richard Chase and Leslie A. Fiedler explore biographical and historical matters for their conclusions. Milton Hindus (the editor of the collection) and J. Middleton Murry consider, among other things, Whitman's nationalism and democratic vibrancy.

Dr. Williams argues cogently for the necessity of Whitman's free verse, finding it the reflection of the poet's free spirit, originality, and courage. Mr. Burke takes a semantic (sometimes disturbingly tortuous) path, closely analyzing particular words to conclude that these words concretize Whitman's democratic attitudes. Mr. Daiches evaluates the contradictory elements, "a remarkable counterpointing of the individual and the social, the personal and the political, the confessional and the prophetic," the lyric and the epic. Mr. Chase interprets Whitman biographically and psychologically, and (somewhat like Mr. Daiches and Mr. Fiedler) finds him a man of many masks, as well as deliberate idiosyncrasies, neurotic and introspective but not mystic. Studying the shifting reputation of Whitman, Mr. Fiedler in a fine display of verbal pyrotechnics urges that the poet be taken from the Marxists, who have adopted him. Somewhat more gravely Mr. Murry proclaims Whitman a prophet of democracy who "vitally renewed the religious revelation on which the justification and continued existence of Democracy depends." And Mr. Hindus, who gives a general summary of the Whitman problem, accepts with the others the democratic and nationalistic thesis.

—EDWARD A. BLOOM.

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The Politics of Bread

Continued from page 12

creased populations. In the USSR bachelors and married people with less than three children pay a special tax, and Khrushchev, Secretary of the Communist Party, in recently urging young people to marry and have children, stated that if the 200 millions of the USSR increased to 300 millions it would still not be too many.

Both the agriculture system and the diet of India are typical of the peasant systems on which the hungrier two-thirds of the world's population live, with the emphasis on grain production. Both system and diet would be greatly improved by injecting livestock husbandry into the farming system and meat and milk into the diet. But there are serious difficulties in India. Religion forbids the taking of animal life, especially of cattle, which are sacred animals, and pig meat—that great strengthener of peasants' diet in Eastern Europe—is anathema. Mutton and poultry may be eaten by some, but poverty often prevents this. Bullocks are needed for draft purposes and cows for milk, but as no slaughter is possible and breeding is almost entirely uncontrolled a vast cattle population has grown up—the largest in the world and one of the hungriest, there being little food available. The milk yield is pitiful, averaging only about 1¼ pints a day according to the FAO estimate. A good American farmer would expect two or three gallons a day. Buffalos give more than cows, but the average quantity of milk and ghee (a kind of butter) per head is very small. Even in regard to grain religion and social custom impose restrictions: rice is the food-grain *par excellence*, but for many Bengalis it must be the rice of sacred Bengal. Elsewhere the millets and sorghums are unacceptable though their output per acre is often higher than that of other grains. The prohibition against taking life leaves monkeys free to multiply. They are peculiarly destructive; sometimes, however, the infuriated peasants break through the prohibition and shoot them.

It is not only unnecessary but would even be impertinent for Western people to proffer advice. India is well provided with competent scientific and technical experts thoroughly familiar with the difficulties, and its Civil Service inherits traditions of absolute honesty and incorruptibility. But India is also proud of her ancient civilization, of her ideals and the standards it imposes, and if these prevail in spite of their conflict with Western ideas on nutrition it only shows the overriding importance of imponderables in determining human conduct.

AFRICA'S food problems differ in form from those of India and require different treatment. Africa lacks India's background of ancient civilization, nor has it the trained men capable of carrying out experimental and developmental work as India has. The starting point is much lower in the scale of efficiency. Much of the cultivation is of the primitive "shifting" type: a piece of land is broken up, cultivated for a time, and then when its fertility has run down it is abandoned and new land is sought. The abandoned land covers itself with wild vegetation, builds up a little fertility, and after some years can be cultivated again. The system is wasteful of land and excusable only so long as populations were kept down by disease, warfare, and other human activities. Now that medical and police services are maintained it no longer suffices. Great efforts are being made to develop better systems, but practical difficulties are very great. The natives had no wheels, no ploughs; bullocks had never been harnessed, and of course there are no horses. The only native agricultural implements are the hoe and a large knife. The heavy breaking-up work is done by the men; the other cultivations, sowing, and harvesting by the women. The food crops are not usually grown singly but mixed; harvesting is done by hand, taking care not to injure crops still standing. Unlike the plough, the hoe is not confined to straight lines or smooth curves, so the cultivated areas are commonly irregularly shaped patches.

There are numerous varieties of land tenure in Africa. In general the land belongs to the tribe, but each member has the right to cultivate certain areas, and, as elsewhere, this often leads to fragmentation and scattering of holdings. Great improvements would be possible if the holdings could be consolidated and the whole area laid out in rectangles cultivated with modern implements, properly fertilized with suitable precautions against pests and diseases, and provision made for adequate feeding of the livestock. Demonstration farms on these lines have been established in all the parts of Africa for which the United Kingdom is responsible, and from time to time model colonies have been established. But improvements spread slowly. As with all peasants, whether Eu-

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ropean or African, the attachment of an individual to a particular piece of land surpasses anything that city-dwellers can comprehend, and consolidation of holdings (which means giving up a cherished bit of soil) is extremely difficult to effect. At the other end of the scale the scientific staffs still have unsolved problems relating to the conservation of soil fertility under tropical African conditions, and the extension staffs have many practical difficulties to overcome.

Agricultural schools and colleges have been set up to teach better methods, but the students on leaving invariably want Government jobs where one works in the shade, rather than farms where the work is in the sun. In advanced countries a farmer's best teacher is always a neighbor who farms better, but in most of Central Africa this comparison is not usually available. The exception is Kenya, where a number of British settlers cleared great areas of bush, hitherto waste (and often pestilential waste because of the dreaded tsetse fly and other noxious insects, as well as destructive animals), laid out farms, and with the aid of a large research organization and an efficient Department of Agriculture are developing systems of agriculture far more productive than anything known before. No experiment station could solve the multitudinous problems of practical detail that arise when an improved system is being worked out; only the man who is anchored to the spot and whose living depends on finding a sound solution. This Better Farmer method, however, is of limited application and can be adopted only where land is actually available: alienation of tribal lands is not now permitted.

Improvement is likely to come by means of the cash crops: cotton and peanuts in the drier regions, oil (palm and coconut) and cocoa in the wet West, and a few others. These (men's crops) pay the taxes which provide revenue for the local government, and they appeal because they enable the cultivator and his wives to buy things that the ubiquitous trader has to offer: printed calicoes, men's clothes, sewing machines, bicycles, wrist-watches, and others. Central Africa is now covered with a trading network; Livingstone's "Darkest Africa" is completely transformed. On a recent visit I heard of a missionary who remarked that he had often been in places where the Gospel had never been preached, but never anywhere where you could not buy a sewing machine on the hire-purchase system. The African who grows a cash crop wants to get a good price for it; the buyer is usually a Government-controlled marketing board which has to sell on the world market and therefore must insist that the produce satisfy certain standards; the agricultural officer shows the peasant how he can obtain the desired results. The thin end of the improving wedge has come in and no one can foretell how far it will go.

Food crops on the other hand are the province of the women, who cannot be approached by the agricultural officers. The latter can only tell the men what the women ought to do, but cannot insure that the information will be passed on, still less acted upon. The women have their own ideas about diet: taboos are common and may extend to meat, milk, and eggs in certain conditions. Tribal customs overrule everything. The British Colonial Office requires its administrative staff to take courses in anthropology before going out, so that they may know their way about. A number of dietetic surveys have shown that the native diets are usually deficient in protein and in certain vitamins (not always noticeably however; there are few visible signs of nutritional disorders). Certain tribes in the drier regions possess numerous cattle and the men—even the small boys—are extremely good at looking after them, but they are held for social rather than commercial reasons. They confer distinction, they furnish the bride price, and only numbers count; quality and condition have no more importance than for a dollar note so long as it is intact. Here also the desire to purchase is beginning to operate, and this coupled with the need to pay taxes has induced the tribesmen to sell some of their animals. Markets have therefore been established with Government supervision to prevent fraud, and some packing houses are already operating.

THE most serious difficulty is the shortage of trained men. Some 10,000 colonial students are at present in the United Kingdom: this is really as many as our colleges can adequately take, but it is not enough. Provision is therefore being made for training many more by establishing university colleges in the different countries. There are at present ten of them, with an aggregate of about 5,000 students. But they are difficult to staff, and they are extremely costly to run: it costs twelve times as much to train an African doctor in Africa as to send him to Britain for the purpose.

Where the need for results is so great, and the cost is so great, it is absolutely essential that the money allocated to a particular purpose should be used for that purpose and no other; also that it should be used economically and efficiently. Further, that the men appointed to do a particular job should be the best available. This often involves a clash with nationalism—which is not infrequently a politer word for nepotism. An African country presents the further difficulty that it may include a number of different tribes speaking very different languages, thinking differently, and with widely differing outlooks on life.

For the international discussion of these problems it is most unfortunate that the word "colonial" is used in two completely different meanings. I have used it here in the sense current in the United Kingdom to denote the group of countries for the welfare and development of which, because of their lack of resources and trained personnel, the United Kingdom itself

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must take direct cognizance and an appropriate measure of responsibility, in contradistinction to the former dominions where these matters are left entirely to the country itself. Unfortunately, many non-British writers and publicists use the word "colonialism" to denote something which to the British seems fantastically unreal and utterly remote from the slightest vestige of truth. In ordinary circumstances the matter can be passed over with a smile as one of these incomprehensible misunderstandings that will arise between even the best-informed peoples, but to the young men and women who have left comfortable homes and good prospects in Britain to devote their lives to the improvement of the backward countries it is extremely disheartening to have their aims and motives so completely misrepresented.

MEANWHILE, something can be done towards the solution of certain outstanding problems. Methods need devising whereby peasants at present acting as ineffective units are organized so that they can gain some of the advantages possessed by large-scale operators. Western Europe has developed voluntary cooperation most fully in Denmark; Russia has compulsory collectivization; Italy has two types of combined effort; Israel has several types in actual operation; the British are trying various methods in Africa. Impartial and competent critical studies of these different methods would pave the way for finding others. Finally, the improvement of the peasants' condition necessitates some development of industrialization, partly to take redundant workers off the land, partly to provide the peasants with better appliances and implements than those made in the village, and also to make goods that will incite them to greater efforts; partly also by furnishing exports to provide currency for the import of appliances that the country itself cannot produce. This increasing industrialization should if possible be planned: at present only one-fifth of the world population is in the industrial stage and its problems are serious enough. Another fifth is in a transition stage, but the rest—more than half the total—are still in the agrarian stage, though most are hoping to industrialize. If this is done haphazardly serious difficulties may arise.

These are not easy problems, but my recent visits to India and Central Africa convince me that working solutions can be found. The cooperative procedure on which the various American and British welfare and development schemes are based offers the surest way of permanent progress.

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PERSONALS

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MY NEXT EMPLOYER wants a young man with sound cultural and business background plus creative approach to international sales or editorial work. I'm 35, university-bred, travel-educated, fluent in Spanish, with 10 years promotional experience at management level. Available June 30 on expiration of current contract. Looking for long-term challenge at home or abroad—top references. Box V-880.

PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER — Competent, adaptable, literate, attractive—any summer service, exchange travel. Box V-879.

GIRL with car would like to plan vacation with other girls. Share expenses. Box V-881.

WANTED—Young male educator desires position with adventure and travel. Box V-878.

APARTMENT FOR RENT

UPPER CENTRAL PARK WEST, NYC. 3 rooms, furnished. May-August inclusive. $125 monthly. MOnument 2-0229.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1096

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Followed by Word H, *Time* recently titled John Foster Dulles this (2 wds.).	53 109 26 33 176
B. For a short time.	69 153 42 90 22 146
C. Firmly fastened.	122 47 57 137 149 164 108
D. Young Amer. soprano of great promise (concert; opera; etc.).	67 52 75 17 80
E. Want of a sanguineous tinge.	88 46 73 41 6 127 101 62 86
F. The back of the hand.	126 21 61 82 162 96 151 40 35 8
G. Amer. physician, political leader, Declaration signer (1745-1813).	163 155 120 92
H. See Word A (2 wds.).	103 158 168 44 179 128 20
I. Felt intense desire for.	68 85 148 134 66 74
J. Given name, famous Argentine poet Echeverria (1809-51).	123 54 173 97 166 159 139
K. Mazzini's patriotic organization, 1831, to deliver the peninsula from Austria (2 wds.).	70 3 105 142 27 119 87 7 34 152
L. Could be said of the only one of its kind, or a man without a light.	140 111 79 91 38 167 132 36 98

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Beginning.	16 135 28 59 39 171
N. Nottinghamshire abbey, family home of Lord Byron.	113 161 37 72 177 18 78 157
O. Opposite number of our Wall Street, in London.	83 65 14 32 110 165 138 107 95 154 180
P. Caleb's daughter, given as wife to Othniel (*Judges i*; 12-15).	141 121 51 15 106 29
Q. British slang for a cigarette.	104 19 114 1 9 100
R. Not holding out a prospect of success.	99 117 56 25 49 30 156 143
S. Meaning of the music direction "sinistra" (2 wds.).	5 55 174 76 150 23 10 130
T. Subversive.	58 131 178 84 144 93 12 2
U. Soldiers' slang for a steel helmet (2 wds.).	124 112 48 89 71 64
V. Was meticulous in petty details and negligent in matters of importance.	115 125 145 77 11 169
W. Plain to be seen.	63 160 81 118 43 129 45
X. Tool for cutting wood with the grain.	136 116 147 94 172 60
Y. Certain clasp fastening (2 wds.).	102 170 31 13 50 24 4 175 133

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 Q	2 T	3 K	4 Y	5 S	6 E		7 K	8 F	9 Q		10 S	11 V	12 T	13 Y
14 O		15 P	16 M		17 D	18 N	19 Q	20 H		21 F	22 B	23 S	24 Y	25 R	26 A	27 K
	28 M	29 P	30 R		31 Y	32 O	33 A	34 K		35 F	36 L		37 N	38 L	39 M	40 F
	41 E	42 B	43 W	44 H		45 W	46 E	47 C	48 U	49 R		50 Y	51 P	52 D	53 A	54 J
55 S	56 R	57 C	58 T	59 M		60 X	61 F	62 E	63 W		64 U	65 O	66 I	67 D		68 I
69 B	70 K		71 U	72 N	73 E	74 I	75 D		76 S	77 V	78 N	79 L		80 D	81 W	82 F
83 O	84 T	85 I	86 E	87 K		88 E	89 U	90 B	91 L	92 G		93 T	94 X		95 O	96 F
97 J		98 L	99 R	100 Q	101 E	102 Y	103 H		104 Q	105 K	106 P	107 O	108 C		109 A	110 O
111 L	112 U	113 N	114 Q	115 V		116 X	117 R	118 W	119 K	120 G	121 P	122 C	123 J	124 U	125 V	126 F
127 E		128 H	129 W	130 S		131 T	132 L	133 Y	134 I	135 M	136 X	137 C		138 O	139 J	
140 L	141 P	142 K	143 R		144 T	145 V	146 B	147 X	148 I		149 C	150 S	151 F	152 K		153 B
154 O	155 G	156 R	157 N		158 H	159 J	160 W	161 N		162 F	163 G	164 C	165 O	166 J	167 L	168 H
169 V		170 Y	171 M		172 X	173 J		174 S	175 Y	176 A	177 N	178 T	179 H	180 O		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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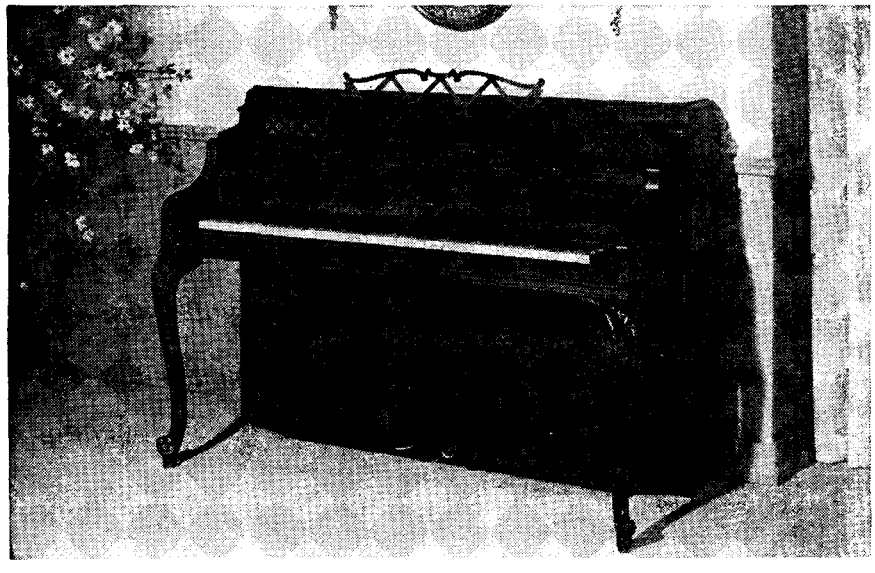

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

MARCH 26, 1955

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WHERE CRAFT ENDS AND ART BEGINS

By RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

Born in 1872, Ralph Vaughan Williams, O. M., is the Grand Old Man of English music, and the composer of many scores—from "Toward the Unknown Region" (1907) to "Sinfonia Antartica" (1953)—that have seen steady service in the concert hall. The following article is taken from his forthcoming book "The Making of Music" (Cornell University Press, $2.25).

WHERE does craft end and art begin? When I first heard the Prelude to "Lohengrin" I wondered how Wagner had devised all those wonderful high string effects. But when I saw the full score I realized that I, or any other composer, would have done the same *if only we had thought of the music.* I was like the schoolboy who said, "I could easily have written all that Shakespeare stuff myself if I'd only thought of it."

Craft by itself can do nothing, I admit, and in some ways is a dangerous thing. When a composer of great skill finds his invention at a low ebb he can still write music which almost deceives the elect, and he himself sometimes cannot tell whether he is inspired or whether he is doing mere routine work. Nevertheless, the most inspired composer is impotent unless his craft keeps pace with his art.

It is now fashionable to teach children painting without any technical training. They are given a paintbox and a brush and told to "express themselves." I have seen the results. The children could not draw a straight line and had no idea of anatomy or perspective. When I pointed this out to the drawing mistress she rebuked me and told me that the "feeling" was wonderful. Fortunately, in music we still believe, to a certain extent, in technique. But, in England at all events, we are no longer allowed to speak of harmony and counterpoint but must call our theoretic studies "paper work." I am glad to say that I was brought up in the traditional manner. I worked right through McFarren's "Harmony" and the Cherubinic system of counterpoint and have never regretted it. At a recent meeting of modern composers the only thing they all agreed on was that the only sure foundation for musical composition was strict counterpoint.

We now come to a very important factor in our art, the means by which we make the necessary noises. The chief of these is the human voice, which has been called the perfect instrument—perfect in the sense that there is a minimum of mechanism between the initial impulse and the result. The voice in this respect is unlike the oboe or horn, in which the connection is not so direct between the performer's will and the sound he makes.

The scope of the human voice is, of course, limited. The range of the four main voices, bass, tenor, contralto, and soprano, is not more than four octaves, from C below the bass clef to c''' above the treble clef, except in the case of Russian basses and freak sopranos. On the other hand, the art of singing is nearly universal; most people can sing a bit. Moreover, the technique and the nature of the human voice are very much what they were 2,000 years ago. This is why choral music has remained in the straight road much more than has instrumental writing. In *a cappella* singing there are no instrument makers to lure the composer aside with exciting new devices. When Stravinsky writes his "Symphony of Psalms" one can feel that he is dealing with something fundamental, almost primitive. In the choral music of Copland the tradition of the white spiritual unconsciously affects his music. Music for voices deals with something essential, not with the tricks of presentation.

Whether the instrument or voice came first, there can be very little doubt that the pipe and harp appear very soon in primitive music, and the

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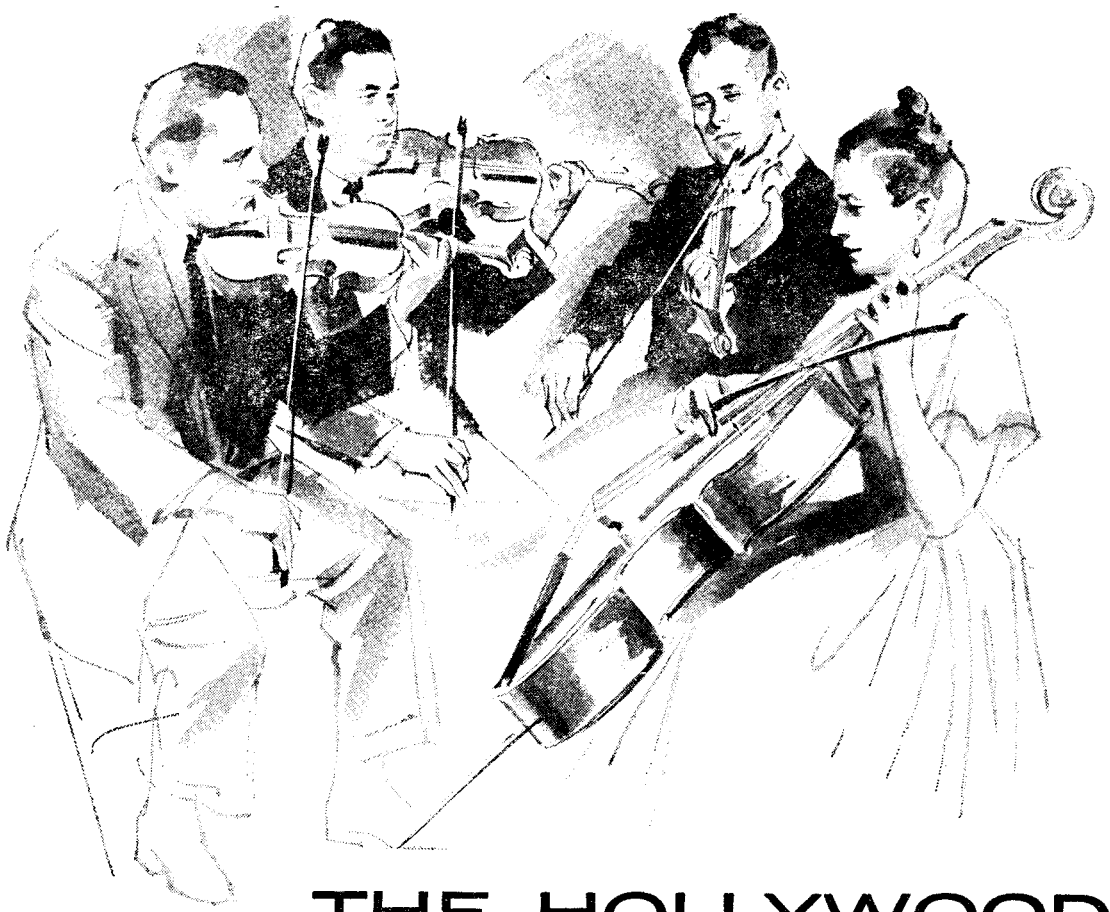
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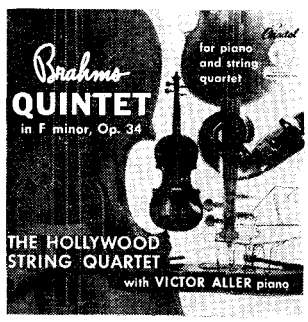

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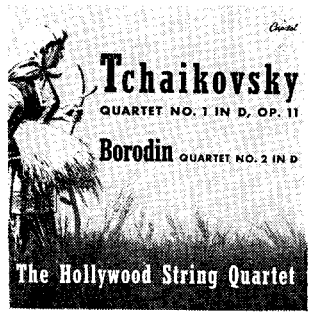
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question arises: Was it the inventions of instrument makers which enticed composers into new styles of music or was it the imperious demands of the composers for fresh means of expression which led the instrument makers to see what they could do to help? We can imagine that Strephon made a pipe for Amaryllis to play the little tunes that she had invented; did Amaryllis say that her new tune demanded an extra hole in the pipe, or did Strephon tell Amaryllis that he had pierced a new hole and expected her, forthwith, to make use of it?

Up to the sixteenth century music was almost entirely vocal, unable to move very fast, but capable of holding a sound for a long time. Then came the development of the lute and virginals, unable to sustain sounds like the voice but able to play very quickly. So composers of virginal music invented a new means of covering the ground by the use of elaborate scales and arpeggios, as we find in the final cadences of almost all virginal music. These limitations and new capabilities led the way from the pure choral counterpoint of Palestrina to the instrumental polyphony of Bach. For the harpsichord, though it could not hold long notes, could play the quick passages and could achieve phrases and intervals which would be unsingable by unaccompanied voices.

Bach's style, even in his vocal works, has an instrumental foundation. I have it on the authority of Tovey that Bach never wrote for unaccompanied chorus. Even in his motets and chorales the voices were doubled by instruments, which enabled them to achieve passages that they could not have sung unaccompanied, with the result that a choral technique developed. Nowadays we often sing these compositions *a cappella*, and to my mind they sound very beautiful that way. We are told that we are wrong to perform them thus because that was not what Bach intended. Are we so sure that he did not so intend them, but was prevented by the inadequacy of the means at his disposal?

SIR George Dyson once said to me that in his opinion Bach never heard a decent performance of one of his cantatas or motets. We know that he complained bitterly of the inferiority of his players and singers. Are we not then justified in modifying his instrumentation where it is obvious that he was buying a pig in a poke? There is good evidence that Bach was prepared to cut his suit according to his cloth, an instance being the beautiful passage for the lute from the "St. John Passion," to which Bach appended a note that if necessary it could be played on the organ! In Bach's time the pianoforte had only just been invented, and he is reported to have commented unfavourably on the imperfect examples which were shown him by Frederick the Great. Tovey was of the opinion that if Bach had known a modern grand pianoforte he would have preferred its tone to the nasty jangle of the harpsichord to which he was condemned for filling in his continuo.

This question of the continuo, or figured bass, requires a little more consideration. If we look at a full score of an aria from a Bach Passion or the B-minor Mass, we find something very different from what appears in the vocal score editions. In the full score we see the voice part and usually, only the bass, with perhaps a line for an obbligato instrument. The bass sometimes has figures under it to indicate what the inner parts are to be. The director, or his substitute, sat at the harpsichord or organ improvising these inner parts and generally keeping the whole performance together.

What initiated this continuo system? The music of the great choral period, the sixteenth century, made use of no such device. The figured bass arose from weakness rather than from strength. About the year 1600 some Italian amateurs devised the beginnings of opera. They had very little technical knowledge of music and therefore left the filling in of the harmony, we may suppose, to some professional expert, indicating to him only the bass and the voice parts. This was all very well for a recitative, accompanied by a few chords, but to hear a large choral work thickened out by the continual presence of the harpsichord or organ must have become intolerably monotonous. But it obtained all through the eighteenth century until the advent of the conductor and the increased efficiency of the performers made it unnecessary. But even now, in solo songs of the Bach period, we usually have to use some instrument to fill up the inner parts. A good grand pianoforte does this much less obtrusively and more artistically than the harpsichord. But I am sorry to say that in obedience to the new Bach-as-he-wrote-it fashion this instrument is again raising its unpleasant head.

The clarinet is a good example of the way in which an instrument will stimulate a composer. It was not an inevitable part of the orchestra in the time of Bach and Handel; it belonged chiefly to the open-air wind band and was, I imagine, a coarse and rather loud instrument, as its name, "little trumpet," suggests. But in the early eighteenth century the conductor of the well-known Mannheim orchestra added what must have been an improved version of the clarinet to his band. It was here that Mozart heard this beautiful instrument, for which he later wrote a concerto. He also added a clarinet part to the score of his G minor Symphony. Haydn followed suit, first using the instrument rather tentatively to fill up the *tuttis*; but when he wrote the Prelude to "The Creation" he had fully realized its possibilities. Here then is a case of the instrument maker prompting the composer.

IT was just the opposite with Wagner and his tubas: he wanted four of these instruments to suggest Valhalla in the Ring—higher in pitch and rather thinner in tone than the ordinary bass tuba. So he set to work with an instrument maker and together they devised the so-called Wagner tubas; these were not altogether a success.

I fear that it is the mid-nineteenth-century composers who are to blame for the deterioration of the modern horn and trumpet. They were continually demanding from the trumpet higher and higher notes and from the horn more and more agility, with the result that the noble trumpet in F had to be given up in favor of a tinny little instrument in a higher key, and the true French horn, the soul of orchestral poetry, disappeared in favor of an instrument which looks, indeed, like a horn but sounds more like a mixture of a saxophone and a euphonium. All of Richard Strauss's tricks can be played easily on this instrument, and it is said to be quite safe and never to bubble, but its poetry is gone. A few years ago I heard the opening of Schubert's C major Symphony played on a real horn, and all the world beyond the world seemed open to me. Later on I heard it played on a modern instrument; the notes were as certain as if they

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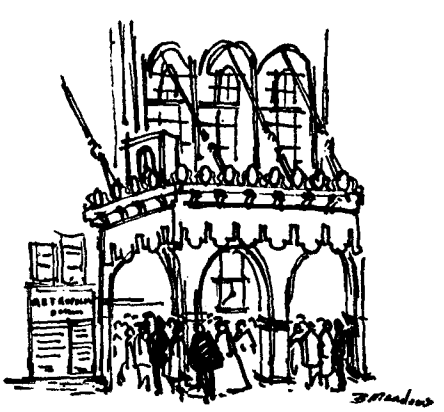

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Brahms in D minor and B flat

By ABRAM CHASINS

OF THE MANY books and brochures concerning Brahms none has been able to avoid mention of the sharply-defined dualities of his character and his work. From the early days in his native Hamburg to the later years in his adopted Vienna, Brahms' ambivalence was revealed through behavioristic couplings of rude spitefulness and tender solicitude, stinginess and generosity, in being reserved and taciturn except when he was bubbling over and boyishly voluble. To all marital inquiries he had a stock and paradoxical answer: "Alas, I am still unmarried. Thank God!"

Psychological investigations have enabled our generation to understand that conflicts within ourselves are a normal and integral part of life. Brahms, the musician as well as the man, has been pictured, even by esteemed biographers, as the uncompromising pure-beef Hamburger constantly in conflict with the savory *Wiener Schnitzel* which was his other self. Ample evidence, however, in the organizational power and scrupulous consistency of Brahms's work shows him as one who squarely faced his artistic conflicts, sought their solutions, and resolved them to gain that freedom and strength which only come from enlightened evaluation and conscious decision.

The basic problem Brahms faced was that of the musician whose artistic force caused Schumann to hail him as "The new musical Messiah," while Brahms at the same time felt "the shadow of the great Beethoven" treading constantly behind him. Ironically, it was Brahms who followed in the shadow, not only of Beethoven but of Bach, Schubert, Schumann, and still others, and was destined to be another of those Revolutionists without the "R". Brahms assimilated, as Bach did before him, all that was to be learned from predecessors and contemporaries. He deliberately fought one of the hardest of artistic battles—turning into a highly personal account the structural and thematic influences of his affinities. He was completely victorious, achieved an astounding individuality, and was nowhere more convincingly original than precisely in those moments when his material was most derivative.

There is no surer way to misunderstand Brahms, for example, than to regard symphonies or concertos as works in which the movements must maintain equal relationships of size and character. This is the viewpoint which fails to observe the profound way in which Brahms's independent movements inter-react upon each other; the viewpoint which criticizes him for writing so "small and fragmentary" an Allegretto in a work like his First Symphony which contains a first movement of such enormous emotional range and tragic power.

The two piano concertos rank among the greatest ever written; some of their most distinguished interpreters consider them unequalled. As with every art form Brahms approached, he was fully aware of the responsibilities involved, and both these works cost him mighty strivings and struggles through long years.

Everyone knows that the first concerto in D minor was originally conceived as a symphony. But it is also accepted that Brahms's self-criticism told him that the work was "not adequate as a symphony," and that he next attempted to write it as a "sonata for two pianos" before it took its present shape.

Brahms did indeed begin to sketch the work as a symphony, but the rest of its history seems to me a compounded error. Brahms planned the composition as a symphony because the principal themes are obviously symphonic. The theory that Brahms, after wrestling with his material, felt himself or his ideas "inadequate to a symphony" appears implausible. What is a symphony? Architecturally it is a sonata for orchestra, just as a concerto is a sonata for one or more solo instruments with orchestra. Names are insignificant. Brahms's concertos possess symphonic scope and content, and not only was he completely adequate to a symphonic task, but he understood clearly what most annotators do not — that a classical concerto poses bulkier problems than a classical symphony.

At any rate, while in the throes of creative agony it would be perfectly natural for a composer of Brahms's cautious workmanship to write his ideas in a convenient two-piano form to be scored later. What happened, and it could well have been aided by the medium of his "shorthand sketch," was that piano figurations and sonorities began to intrude themselves irresistibly upon the project. The inevitable result was a piano concerto.

IT IS significant that a quarter of a century later Brahms took no detours in mapping out his second piano concerto. I do not share the opinion that it was greater maturity which enabled him to take the direct route to its final form, for the first concerto discloses a composer whose genius was completely liberated from all immaturities. The answer would seem to lie in the fact that the first concerto was virtually an abstract inspiration in search of the right medium and frame. The second was born with an unmistakable physiognomy—a classical piano concerto containing an added movement and an orchestral partnership of unique dimension.

The enormous quality and quantity of this music furnish both conductor and soloist the gamut of interpretative and instrumental opportunities. Every artist worthy of the name has an induplicable capacity that which he and he alone has uniquely to bestow. It is therefore impossible to expect that everything in these monumental works is accomplishable by everyone equally at every point. Highlights will emerge where intentions and realizations are perfectly fused. It is a pleasure to state that all the versions at hand contain extraordinary examples of musicianship and performance from soloists and/or conductors alike. It is apparent that each artist (with one possible conductorial exception) set himself the task of devoting a measure of that inexorable self-criticism and artistic responsibility to the recreation of these masterpieces which Brahms lavished upon their creation.

Now to my discs of the first concerto, with Rubinstein and Reiner on Victor, Serkin and Szell on Columbia, Solomon and Kubelik on HMV, Backhaus and Boehm as well as Curzon and Van Beinum on London, and Friedrich Wuehrer with Hans Swarowsky on Vox.

Following are the highlights for this listener; the demonstration by every conductor, perhaps most successfully by Reiner, that the mood

(*Continued on page* 45)

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Recordings in Review

Schumann by Jurinac

SCHUMANN: *"Frauenliebe und Leben," "Liederkreis." Sena Jurinac, soprano, with Franz Holetschek, piano.* Westminster WL-5345, $5.95.

THOUGH WESTMINSTER does not enter its sixth year doing nothing that other companies undertake—as it did its first—it is still doing many things that other companies don't bother to do. Such as seeking out so fine a singer as Jurinac to undertake these two beautiful but not-too-often performed cycles of Schumann and giving her all she requires in the way of mechanical and musical assistance to do herself justice.

Jurinac has, without question, the voice and the intelligence to do these cycles—and probably much other *lieder* also—in a great tradition. Indeed, there have been few singers of so much vocal beauty who have, in recent years, devoted themselves to mastering the song literature. I wonder, however, how practised in this form of performance Miss Jurinac (primarily an opera singer) is; the "Liederkreis," in particular, sounds a mite stilted, without quite the abandon that comes with complete artistic assurance.

However, that is only a small demerit in singing of remarkable purity and musical rectitude, in which the texts are given their full measure of prominence. A little more mystery in "Waldesgespräch," a little more ecstasy in "Mondnacht" will doubtless come with time. In the Chamisso texts for "Frauenliebe und Leben" Miss Jurinac concentrates on what is meaningful, and does not overplay the more absurd nineteenth-century sentiments. In any case, she gives a form and color to Schumann's writings that are but the forerunner, one hopes, of other fine things to come. Holetschek is excellent, if a little diffident for his place in this undertaking. As for the recording, it can stand as all one wants in a singer-piano-hall relationship.

"Swan Lake" in Toto

TCHAIKOVSKY: *"The Swan Lake." Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.* Mercury OL-3-102, $11.94.

HAVING HAD MORE than a moderate success with his full-length "Nutcracker," it was perhaps natural for Antal Dorati to proceed with a similar treatment, *in extenso*, of "Lac du Cygne." To the natural sequence of thought there was the added compulsion that Tchaikovsky's score is rarely, if ever, played at the length at which he wrote it. Moreover, there is no previous edition on records really complete: the one by Fistoulari so described by London is shorter by a third than the present one of Dorati.

However, in music, as elsewhere in art, things equal to each other are not necessarily equal to the same thing; and the full-length "Sleeping Beauty" and "Nutcracker" are consistently more interesting than the full-length "Swan Lake." For one thing, it was Tchaikovsky's first ambitious ballet score, and he had not developed quite the coloristic skill or the feeling for orchestral detail which makes the others so delightful. In addition, the prevailing darkness of the subject matter brings out less of the Peter Jekyll in him than the Ilyich Hyde.

Of the sections not previously familiar, there is the most interest in the "national dances" of Act III; but even here it turns out that the more attractive episodes are those incorporated into the Sadler's Wells version, which is paralleled by Fistoulari's recording. Having gone through the six sides (something which the average listener will not have the opportunity if he has the inclination to do), I feel confident that the average music-lover will sacrifice little if he retains the four-side LP treatment, or chooses it when the time comes for a purchase. Of course, the devout Tchaikovskian will be grateful to Dorati for making this documentation available, as will be the ballet enthusiast determined to know just what is commonly left out and why—but these, after all, are special cases.

As far as performance and recording are concerned, it is energetically, if a little lumpily, performed under Dorati's vigorous direction. The occasional sections of lighter character could have been highlighted more. Some will doubtless hail this as another "the end" in fidelity, but there is far too much insistence on percussion and brass to suit my taste . . . or, I really think, Tchaikovsky's score.

Mahler's Mahler?

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 1 in D. Bruno Walter conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* Columbia SL-218, $5.95. *Rafael Kubelik conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.* London LL-1107, $3.98.

IN VIEW OF Columbia's presentation of the Mahler Symphony No. 1 (fronted by a photo-montage in which the long deceased Mahler and the present-day Bruno Walter are shown in admiring mutual contemplation) and the elaborate, interesting commentary contributed by the conductor, it would seem a presumption for any other interpreter to cross batons with Walter in this work, and close to a waste of time to listen to another version. But, having a certain amount of curiosity, I played them both, in movement by movement sequence . . . and I can reassure Kubelik, if he has any self-doubts, that he has every good reason to go on conducting this work.

The aural oddity about these two performances is that the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Kubelik has the lean sound one would expect from the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, whereas the latter has the buttery one usually associated with Vienna. What this really proves, I don't profess to know—save to suggest that, under Kubelik at least, the orchestra once closest to Mahler's heart plays his music with less sentiment and more muscularity than the New York orchestra under the direction of the musician closest to Mahler's heart.

At the risk of really being ruled a maverick, I venture the opinion that Kubelik gets more out of Mahler's special kind of orchestration (especially as London's engineers have done a wonderful work of getting "inside" the orchestra, so to speak) than Walter does. Also, if one finds Walter's special pleading—by which I mean, exaggerated emphasis, palsied vibrato, etc.—an unwanted embellishment of music already steeped in *Weltschmaltz*, then I commend the Kubelik to you as sensitive without being overproduced. The Columbia reproduction is also first rate, if not quite as clean on the ear as the London.

Callas as Isotta

WAGNER: *"Morte di Isotta," etc. Maria Callas, soprano.* Cetra A 50175, $4.98.

MOST OF THE contents of this collection —the "Mad Scene" from Bellini's "Puritani," "E strano," etc. from Verdi's "Traviata," and "Suicidio" from Ponchielli's "Gioconda"—have been previously available as parts of complete operas with Callas (though it is probable that this "Mad Scene" from "Puritani" was made before the complete version for Angel). However, the legend that she had made a "Liebestod" is here documented by the first example on records of her voice *vis-a-vis* Wagner's music.

The reference to the "Liebestod" is more generic than specific, for the text she uses is definitely Italian, and the spirit of the whole is more Isotta than

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Isolde. That is to say, the curve of the voice, the articulation of the sounds, are conditioned specifically by the Italian text and its fall of accents. Also, it seems to me, she works around the chromatic line of the music more gingerly than she does in Italian opera.

So far as this excerpt is indicative, there is no vocal reason why Callas couldn't sing a very listenable Isolde, assuming that she would learn the whole role in the original text and revise her style at the same time. As heard here, she tends to slur one tone into another, to swell out a phrase when it suits her, or clip a tone when it adds to "expressiveness." However, the voice is sumptuously full and even throughout, she executes the turns with beautiful ease, and the sense of a lament is always present. Arturo Basile is the conductor and, save that the orchestra is undervalued in the balance, he does his work well.

More by Arriaga

ARRIAGA: *Symphony in D, "The Happy Slaves" overture, "Agar" cantata. Orquesta Nacional de Madrid conducted by Jesus Arambarri, with Maria Ripollés, soprano.* Decca DL-9756, $4.98.

THOSE WHO REMEMBER the remarkable Arriaga quartets offered by the Guilet Quartet on the Concert Hall label a few years ago will need no urging to acquaint themselves with the contents of this disc. For others, it may be said that Juan Crisotomo de Arriaga is a virtually unknown composer of the early nineteenth century whose more than promising career ended in 1826, when he was only twenty years old. For that matter, when January 27, 1956, comes to Bilbao, Spain, they are apt to be celebrating the 150th anniversary of the birth of Arriaga as well as the 200th anniversary of the birth of Mozart, whose famous date he shares.

This symphony was written about 1824, when Arriaga was an assistant to Cherubini at the Paris Conservatory. In it one senses a profound veneration for the symphonic style of the late Haydn and the early Beethoven works, together with the kind of classic balance and formal restraint Cherubini practised in his own music.

In filling out the second side with the "Happy Slaves" overture—attributed to Arriaga's thirteenth year—and the cantata "Agar" written about the time of the symphony, Decca has provided some additional illumination on what is certainly one of the most spontaneous talents in the history of music. The performances throughout are well-organized, the recording very acceptable, though not much concerned with our ideas of "fidelity."

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Rossini's Comedic Genius

"L'ITALIANA in Algeri" (1813), the tenth of Rossini's approximately forty operas, was the first of the specifically comic Rossinian successes (for "Tancredi," produced earlier the same year, is a tragedy with a tacked-on happy ending). It started making the wicked and witty boy from Pesaro an international figure whose name was synonomous with success and with delight. And no wonder! This opera, first of all, rests on a delicious and well-proportioned libretto by one Angelo Anelli, who knew how to construct a farce and how to write witty Italian for singing. Then came Rossini's genius, ripened by 1813 (he was twenty-one when "L'Italiana" was sung in Venice) to a dizzy farcico-melodic inventiveness unique in music. Coming three years later, "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" was compacted of ingredients that not even Rossini ever mixed together quite so well—but "The Italian Girl in Algiers" too has an exuberance, a pouring-forth that are unique.

In Angel 3529 B ($10.98) we have a complete La Scala recording of "L'Italiana" which could hardly be better. The recording is of miraculous clarity, depth, and definition. The conducting of Carlo Maria Giulini is knowing, supple, so right as to bring each moment to its own glowing life. Under his hands the Orchestra and Chorus of La Scala sound superb. And the cast—when are we in the United States likely to hear seven singers so native to their roles? First comes Giulietta Simionato, the Italian girl in Algiers. A mezzo-soprano of velvety smoothness and unlimited agility, her voice might be described as that of a Supervia without vibrato, or a Victoria de los Angeles with fire. Her diction has the utmost clarity. Her humor, bubbling from deep inside, gives the role of Isabella just the proper amount of vitality for farce. Simionato was announced for the Metropolitan this season, but she is not appearing.

The other principals, in these records at least, are no less good. They are Cesare Valetti as Lindoro, in love with Isabella; Marcello Cortis as Taddeo, her elderly swain; and Mario Petri as Mustafà, Bey of Algiers. The other roles are minor only in extent, so expert is the treatment given them by Graziella Sciutti as Elvira, Mustafà's wife; Mafalda Masini as Zulma, Isabella's confidante; and Enrico Campi as Haly, the Bey's factotum. In duets and bigger ensembles they make sounds, too, of real beauty.

The climaxes of "L'Italiana in Algeri" as they swirl off the surfaces of these two records have to be heard to be believed. Try the end of Side 2, for example, for the fantastic ensemble close of Act I. I cannot think of its peer for sheer swiftness combined with musical wit, vocal pyrotechnics, and complete accuracy.

Angel has provided for this magnificently stylish recording a handsome folder with pictures of the cast and of scenes from the opera's most recent production at La Scala. It has a suave and informative introduction by Francis Toye. The Italian text (*almost* exactly as sung) and a good English translation by William Fense Weaver have been handsomely printed in a format allowing the eye to move easily from the Italian to the English. The total result of the presentation is entertainment on a very high and expert level. I cannot conjure up a music-lover who would not like it.

I was tempted, at first, to say that one of our opera-producing organizations ought to stage "L'Italiana in Algeri" forthwith. But saddening second-thoughts convince me that it had better be left on these excelling records and the stage of La Scala. For it would simply wilt in any makeshift production, in the perhaps inevitable attempt to make it "comprehensible" by translating it into English.

ON ANOTHER plane altogether is Giovanni Paisiello's one-act comic opera "Il Duello," as presented by the Haydn Society (HS 130, $5.95). The libretto (by whom?) is, of course, silly (farces should be silly); but it is also inept in both structure and language. Then Paisiello's score, which has moments of charm, is for sizable stretches simply banal; nor does it anywhere rise to the vitality of "L'Italiana." Ugo Rapalo, conducting the Orchestra da Camera dell'Instituto Fonografico Italiano, altogether lacks the required bravura. The eight singers Rapalo leads are without exception inferior to the seven singing Rossini. The printed libretto, in Italian and English, is handsomely and usefully gotten up. The notes on the record envelope, however, are in part woeful nonsense, some of the sentences sounding suspiciously like inaccurate translation.

"Il Duello" might fail to cure of his jaundice a listener temporarily out of sorts with Italian comedy; but "L'Italiana in Algeri," it seems to me, can be guaranteed to convert any Wagnerite.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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Recordings Reports I: Classical LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Brahms: Concerto in D. David Oistrakh, violin, with the Saxon State Orchestra conducted by Franz Konwitschny. Decca DL-9754, $4.98.	Masterful is the word for Oistrakh's management of the solo part, powered by compelling personal style as well as silky sound and an every-note-in-its-place technical command. However, the conductor too often allows the violin a place of prominence rightfully belonging to the orchestra, and he hardly operates on the Oistrakh level. Good sound, especially in the adagio, which the violinist sings faultlessly. The finale is rarely played with as much ease or sparkle.
Charpentier: "Impressions of Italy," Aubert: "La Habanera." Louis Fourestier conducting the Paris Opera Orchestra. Angel 35120, $4.98.	Uncommonly fine-sounding reproduction of two works which Fourestier knows well and recreates with verve and animation of style. The Aubert work is especially welcome on discs, since so few of the composer's efforts have been recorded.
Gluck: "Alceste" overture. Schumann: "Manfred." Karl Münchinger conducting l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London LD-9145, $2.98.	Clean, well-paced performances by Münchinger, but lacking the inner vitality and strength of feeling to make the music properly vigorous. Münchinger's musicianship is solid enough, but the expansion of his repertory is not progressing too happily. Admirable sound.
Liszt: "Hungarian Fantasy"; Rhapsody No. 2. Julian Karolyi, piano, with the Munich Philharmonic directed by Edmund Nick. Decca DL-4084, $2.98.	In mechanics as well as musicianship, Karolyi's "Hungarian Fantasy" is on a par or superior to the presently available versions by Kilenyi and Arrau. The overside Rhapsody is also played with spirit and excellent sound, though the record surface grinds on in a manner one had thought Decca had outgrown.
Messager: "Les Deux Pigeons," "Ballet d'Isoline," and "Véronique" overture. Paul Bonneau conducting the Orchestra of the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées. Westminster WL-5412, $5.95.	Gallic pleasantries, delivered with graceful precision by a conductor who obviously is attuned to the style. However, an hour of Messager is a little more than most would care for at a sitting. As *an apéritif for something more nourishing or a sweet at the end of an evening it has its uses*, however. Acceptable sound, though not up to the house standard.
Mendelssohn: "Fingal's Cave," "Ruy Blas," "Fair Melusine," and "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage" overtures. Carl Schuricht conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. London LL-1048, $3.98.	Fully authoritative, poetically molded performances by Schuricht, who may have an opportunity to put more of his conceptions on records now that Krauss and Furtwängler are gone. These excellent interpretations show him to be all musician, with a sense of the style for such works all too rare among younger men today. First-class sound, especially in the treatment of the Vienna Philharmonic's brasses. In all, a superior disc.
Mozart: Concerto in A. David Oistrakh, violin, with Franz Konwitschny conducting the Saxon State Symphony Orchestra. Decca DL-9766, $4.98.	A much more representative version of this work by Oistrakh than the previous one circulated in his name. It is, in fact, a dazzling exhibition of violinism he offers, if, to my taste, a little massive in sound and overpowering in vigor for the subject matter. Konwitschny does more with the orchestra than in the Brahms (see above) and the total is beautifully reproduced. However the attractions of the disc are diminished by the second side pairing with a routine version (previously offered on a ten-inch LP) of Mozart's Symphony No. 32, with Fritz Lehmann conducting the Bamberg Symphony.
Schumann: Symphony No. 4 in D minor, Haydn: Symphony No. 88 in G. Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. Decca DL-9767, $4.98.	In addition to giving Furtwängler's excellent version of the Haydn more consumer accessibility than previously (it was formerly partnered with the Schubert C major in a two-disc set), this disc presents him as conductor of as good a Schumann No. 4 as there is. Some of it is sluggish in movement, but the climaxes are impressive. The Schubert, incidentally, is now available on a single disc as Decca DL-9746, and has no real rival, in this estimation.
Strauss, J.: "Artist's Life," "Wine, Woman, and Song," "Aquarellen," and "Morning Papers" waltzes, etc. Anton Paulik conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Vanguard 457, $4.98.	"J" Strauss here signifies Josef as well as Johann, for the disc includes the former's "Aquarellen" waltz and "Jockey" polka, as well as the latter's "Ritter Pasmann" czardas and "Frisch ins Feld" March (in addition to the waltzes indicated). Paulik's inclinations are hardly of the elegance of a Krauss or Kleiber, but they are well-grounded in tradition and very well reproduced.
Strauss, R.: Symphony for Wind Instruments. Karl Haas conducting the London Baroque Ensemble. Decca DL-9761, $4.98.	As remarked on the occasion of a previous version of this work (by an ensemble directed by Izler Solomon on MGM-3097), Strauss regarded it as a "sonatina," and it certainly does not fulfill the expectations aroused by the title given by his artistic inheritors. This point aside, it is a score of *wholly absorbing sonority and harmonic interest, very well played by the present ensemble.* However, the resonant frame for the rich sound is so big that details and texture blur. In that respect, the Solomon performance is better managed.
Strauss, R.: "Death and Transfiguration," "Till Eulenspiegel." William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Capitol P-8291, $4.98.	Two admirable efforts by Steinberg, of which the "Death and Transfiguration" is outstanding for solidity of sound, dramatic power, and musical definition. "Till," however, is a little slowfooted and unpiquant. The first, indeed, marks a new high point in reproductive quality for a company which has made marked strides of late. Moreover, Steinberg has developed an orchestra which can stand such close scrutiny with credit.
Tchaikovsky: Concerto No. 2 in G. Tatiana Nikolayeva, piano, with the State Orchestra of the USSR conducted by Konstantine Anosov. Classic Edition CE-3008, $5.95.	This is described as a "complete version" of this uneven score, though the annotation is lacking in identification of the ways in which it differs from other versions. I can endorse Nikolayeva as a pianist of able technique and good musical sensitivities, though the total length of the first movement is excessive, and the other sections are repetitious. Fairly good recording by Soviet standards, if not by ours.
Wagner: "Flying Dutchman" overture, "Good Friday" music from "Parsifal," etc. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting, the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia ML-4962, $3.98.	As well remembered by those who had Beecham's pre-war recording of the "Flying Dutchman" overture, his is one of the great performances of this work, reproduced here with all the tonal weight and instrumental saliency lacking before. The mood of the "Good Friday Spell" is also beautifully conveyed, though I cannot find in his "Funeral March" ("Götterdämmerung") the overwhelming power provided by Furtwängler, or the kind of lift Toscanini gives to the "Rhine Journey." The third act excerpts from "Meistersinger" complete the repertory. Finely-blended sound throughout. —I. K.

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Brahms

Continued from page 40

of the opening *ritornello* is darkly fulminating, not fiercely boisterous; the cantabile section that follows, poignantly projected by Boehm, Reiner, and Szell; the sunny brilliance which at last emerges when the main subject bursts forth in major as a counterpoint to the new theme, in which Kubelik joins the aforementioned trio.

As the solo instrument enters, Rubinstein and Solomon achieve a rare lyric purity without any insistence. All the pianists endow the noble subject in F with aristocratic breadth, but the development section is most triumphantly announced by Backhaus, Rubinstein, Serkin, and Solomon, as are the dramatic recapitulation and the passionate conclusion by the same quartet and their collaborators. Wuehrer and Swarowsky show stylistic authority and admirable stability in their tempi. What is missing throughout the concerto in beauty and brio might well be caused by an orchestra which leaves much to be desired in tonal fabric and technique.

The quiet opening of the slow movement, that devout Requiem for Schumann, is profoundly eloquent from the batons of Kubelik, Reiner, Szell, and Van Beinum; the piano's commentaries are spoken with particular evocative simplicity by all the pianists, most touchingly by Rubinstein, Solomon, and Curzon.

The vitality of the rondo's thematic material suits to perfection the temperaments of Rubinstein and Serkin. All the conductors attain vivid contrapuntal clarity in the fugue. The piano cadenza is beautifully handled by Rubinstein, Serkin, Solomon, and Curzon. For my taste, Reiner found the most expeditious tempo for the orchestral commencement of the tricky coda, with its problems in the variety of its moods, textures, and propulsions. It extends the perfect invitation for Rubinstein to join with him in a superb conclusion of intensity without frenzy, grace without flippancy, grandeur without pomposity.

ON the whole, there are fewer problems in the more readily accessible second concerto. The versions of the second concerto at my disposal feature Horowitz and Toscanini, Rubinstein and Munch on Victor, Serkin and Ormandy on Columbia, Backhaus and Schuricht on London.

The very opening conversations between the horn, piano, and woodwinds in the Rubinstein-Munch version disclose fundamental differences of pace, style, and temperament between the

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bellini: "Deh! tu bell anima." ("I Capuletti ed i Montecchi."), etc. Giulietta Simionato, mezzo-soprano, with Franco Ghione conducting. London LD-9162, $2.98.	In addition to tracing the line of this attractive air beautifully, Simionato guides her opulent, well-controlled voice surely through the intricacies of "Non più mesta," from Rossini's "Cenerentola." However, there is a good deal less to be said for her singing of "Una voce poca fa" from "Il Barbiere" (original key) and "O don fatale" from "Don Carlos" on the overside, for she hasn't the agility for the first or the bigness of sound to do justice to the second. Fine recording, though some oddities of microphoning mar the Verdi excerpt.
Falla: "Asturiana," "Canción," "Jota," etc. Maria Plaza, soprano. Allegro 1561, $5.95.	Like the wines of Spain, this singer's voice is more than a little acid to the unsuspecting palette, but she delivers such matters as "Clavelitos," "El Relicario," and "Estrellita" with an abundance of spirit, while making a rousing effect with the Falla also. The generous collection of twenty songs also includes songs by Turina, Nin, Granados, Ginastera, etc., some done in an over-insistent manner but also with impact. No pianist is identified. The reproduction is fairly good.
Hayes: "Roun' About de Mountain," "Fix me, Jesus," "Lil Boy," etc. Inez Matthews, mezzo-soprano, with Jonathan Brice, piano. Period SPL-580, $4.98.	It takes considerable art these days to create fresh interest in these and the dozen-and-a-half other spirituals included on this disc, and Miss Matthews has not quite as much as needed. However, hers is a fine instrument which should be heard in other music. Jonathan Brice does his part of the undertaking with practised art. Excellent reproduction.
Kreisler: "Liebesleid," "Liebesfreud," etc. Julian Olevsky, violin, with Wolfgang Rosé, piano. Westminster WL-5346, $5.95.	Virtually all of the familiar Kreisler literature (and a little that is not), performed with insinuating suavity and rhythmic grace by Olevsky. His tone is scarcely sizable, but it is suited to the music and, as microphoned, satisfactory in volume. Rosé's piano playing is just about as wanted. Good balance, too.
Lecuona: "Danzas Afro-Cubanas," etc. José Echaniz, piano. Westminster WL-5343, $5.95.	Player and music are perfectly mated here, with Echaniz realizing the easygoing melodic charm of the music without exaggerating its "significance." The recording suffers from overclose microphone placement resulting, in loud passages, in a percussive effect akin to a piano roll reproduction.
Milhaud: "Saudades do Brazil," etc. Lenore Engdahl, piano. MGM E-3158, $3.98.	This Minneapolis-born pianist has the clarity of sound and the good control of it to make entertaining listening of Milhaud's inventions, but hardly the variety of colors or the deftness of statement to do them total justice. With it is a side devoted to Villa-Lobos's "Saudades das Selvas Brasileiras," the "Choros No. 5," etc. Good sound.
Mozart: "Ach ich Fühl's," ("Magic Flute"), etc. Margot Guilleaume, soprano, with Walter Lutze conducting. Telefunken TM-68025, $2.98.	An unfamiliar voice but one that falls very pleasantly on the ear is used with taste by Miss Guilleaume who, if the associated orchestra is indicative, may be associated with the Berlin Opera. However the general appeal of the disc is limited by the use of German texts for "Deh vieni, non tardar" from "Figaro," and "Connais-tu le pays" from Thomas's "Mignon." The fourth item is "Die letze Rose" from Flotow's "Martha," which is the language of the first performance if not of common usage here. Excellent, unassertive reproduction.
Mozart: Divertimenti in E flat, B flat, played by the Vienna Philharmonic Wind Group. Westminster WL-5349, $5.95.	Two works which well deserve their designation, performed with discipline and understanding by the able Vienna players. Neither is included in the conventional Köchel sequence, being identified, instead, by the "anhang" ("supplementary") numbers 226, 227. The best supposition is that they date from Mozart's nineteenth year, but the sonorous patterns for oboes, clarinets, horns and bassoons in pairs are timeless in their mastery.
Prokofiev: Sonata No. 6 in A, Sonata No. 7 in B flat. Robert Cornman, piano. London LL 902, $3.98.	As those who heard him in a variety of public appearances in New York during the late Forties know, young Cornman is an excellent musician with a decided orientation to contemporary music. However, he is concerned in this instance with works which require a degree of driving force and pianistic power not quite within his grasp. It is intelligent, penetrating, and well-phrased, but a little small in scale. In addition either the piano or the pick-up of it is jangly in its overtones, sometimes sounding not quite in tune.
Rachmaninoff: "Piano Pieces," op. 3 and 10, etc. Nadia Reisenberg, piano. Westminster WL-5344, $5.95.	Thoughtful, artfully colored performances by Miss Reisenberg of a literature which is less heard than it should be (always excepting the item of op. 3 numbered two, which is a prelude in the key of C sharp minor). The sound is marred by the treatment described in relationship to the Lecuona collection above.
Ravel: "La Valse," "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales," etc. Leonard Pennario, piano. Capitol P-8294, $4.98.	Sure-fingered but hard driven piano playing by Pennario, whose virtuosity is considerably more developed than his ideas of what to do with it. (The solo transcription of Ravel's "La Valse" is ascribed to the composer). Overside Pennario engages the Dohnányi transcriptions of Delibes "Naïla" and Strauss's "Schatz" waltzes dressing them in flashy rather than merely bright colors.
Satie: "Sports et Divertissements," etc. William Masselos, piano. MGM E-3154, $3.98.	A choice disc presenting not only a treasury of whimsical, altogether musical thoughts, but also, in Masselos, a performer who understands the idiom thoroughly and has worked hard to present the kind of clearly understated treatment wanted. In consequence, such occasional references by Satie to Chopin's "Funeral March" or "La Marseillaise" count as the composer intended them to. Edward Cole's annotation is very pertinent, but the smallness of the type discourages proper attention.
Schubert: Sonata in G major. Webster Aitken, piano. EMS-109, $5.95.	This is volume IX in the ambitious project by Aitken to record the total piano literature of Schubert, and certainly exemplary of the player's affinity for his chosen task. No note is slurred, no phrase given less than close thought and a proper place in the composer's scheme. What is lacking, however, is a degree of animation to make the music live and breathe, rather than merely possessing the perfectly chiseled, but still only sculptural, outline. The engineering is excellent, if somewhat below conventional output levels. —I.K.

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principals. Knowing Rubinstein's mature conception of this work—after many years in performance and recording—one concludes that his intentions were unable to find full fruition in this disc, which frequently suggests a contest rather than a collaboration. There are moments, as in much of the slow movement, which remain to be admired, coming as they do from such musicians and from the glowing orchestra of Boston, but it is clear, too clear and too often, that Rubinstein and Munch approached their tasks from individual viewpoints far too removed from each other to attain an essential unity.

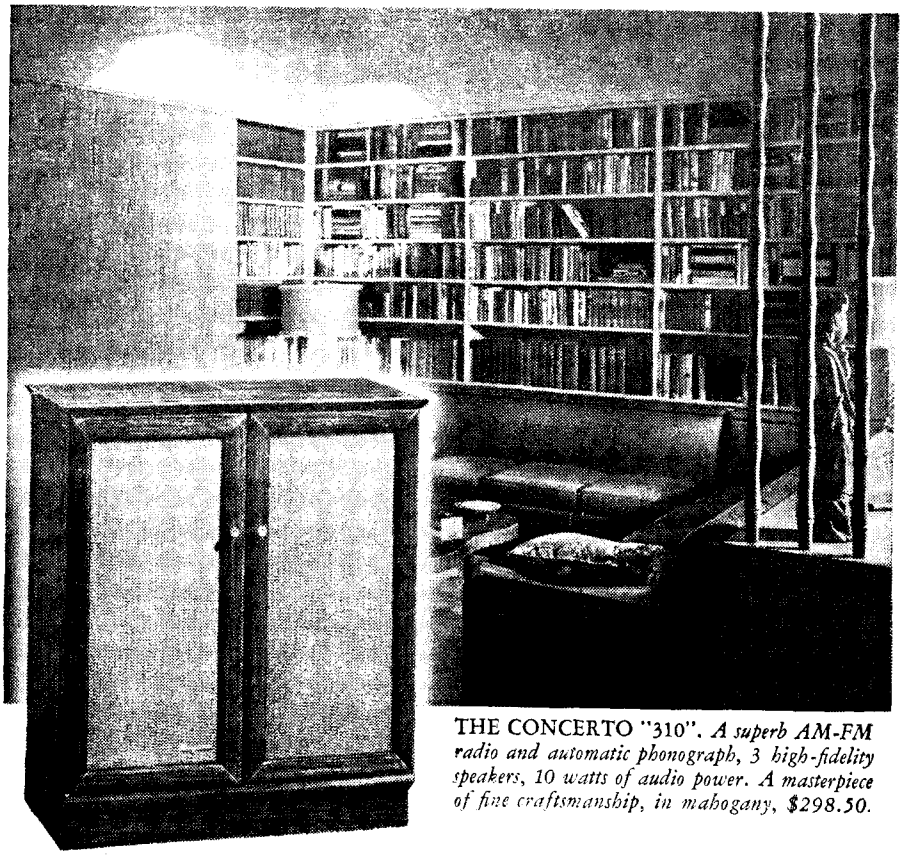
The Backhaus-Schuricht disc is marked by solidity, simplicity, and broad style. Although the total falls short in expressive warmth, and the bristling solo passages show less daring and elasticity than Backhaus's former recording, the collaboration and devotional workmanship throughout command great respect.

For imagination and excitement, the Horowitz-Toscanini disc is a real thriller, while displaying an adherence to the text, fabulous control of electric temperaments and mutually-held ideals. After the introduction, Horowitz plunges elbow-deep into the first solo sections with a feverish intensity and a pristine accuracy that could easily bring despair to any pianist who has struggled with this blood-sweat-and-tears concerto. For many years I was certain that Brahms wrote many passages here with tongue in cheek, as a sadistic challenge to interpreters to solve the insoluble. But that was before I heard Horowitz.

In the ritornello, with its parade of themes, one immediately recognizes the orchestral opulence and virtuosity of the incomparable Toscanini: his rhythmic genius for non-metrical accents in shaping phrases according to the melodic line, not the bar line, his sensitivity to harmonic tension—all illumine the warmth of Brahms and make his instrumentation shine with translucency.

The Serkin-Ormandy version is thoroughly individual, but no less resplendent, lucid, and impeccable. Its masterly shape and flowing humanity reveal the democratic dignity of cooperative responsibility and this pertains to the great artists who comprise the Philadelphia Orchestra as well as the soloist and conductor.

In the slow movement, both the Serkin-Ormandy and the Horowitz-Toscanini versions reach a magical community of balances and blendings, again in highly individual ways. In the finale, they demonstrate anew the precious human and artistic verity that the truth loses none of its power when it is said with a smile.



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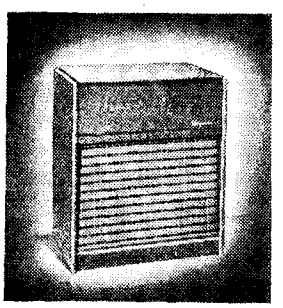

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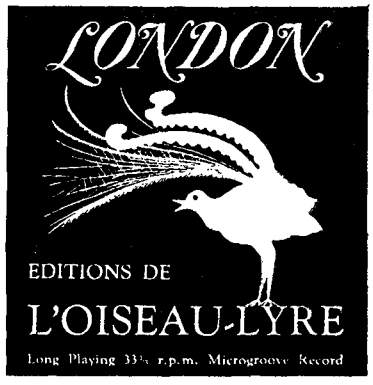

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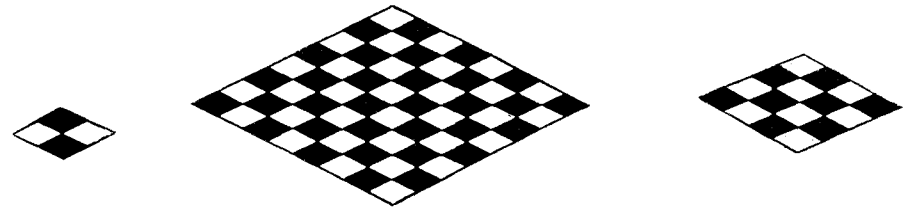

". . . additional patterns of diamonds created by groupings of them."

I'm Forever Counting Diamonds

FROM Havana, Cuba, to Clarksdale, Mississippi—from Santa Monica, California, to Jerusalem, Israel—*SR* readers have been counting diamonds, and advising the editor of the results thereof. More than a few of the hundred or so letters upbraid the editor for involving them in such trivia as the number of diamonds in the celebrated Columbia ad headed, "This page contains 2,000 diamonds." Oddly, these all come with answers, accompanied in some instances with self-expressed apologies for wasting time on such a "useless" pursuit.

However, it has seemed to the editor something in the nature of a brainteaser from the start, and that no harm was done the participants in the procedure, especially if they were listening to Auber's "The Crown Diamonds" overture at the same time or "Scintille, diamant" from Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffman." In fact, were they so impoverished, musically, that they had to settle for the intermezzo from Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna," that would be all right, too.

In such spirit, we may analyze the letters as falling into three main groups: those that suggested the whole thing was a trumped-up scheme of Columbia's advertising agency to get more mileage than was deemed possible from the ad itself. No 360K, obviously, for any of these. Then there was a largish number who took the classic total of 2,043 (arrived at by adding the vertical rows of black and white to those running horizontally) and played variations on it by evaluating how many were blocked by the figure of the young lady. Many of these displayed considerable ingenuity in arguing pro or con whether the diamonds "covered" by the figure were, in fact, there or not.

Reader Eric A. Grubb of Windsor, Connecticut, it seems to me, did the most convincing argumentation for this group, for he painstakingly drew in, on a clipping of the ad, lines of the precise direction to carry out the design over and around her torso. Thus, whatever the final appearance of the design, there seems little doubt that the diamonds were there *before* she was asked to step in front of the patterns. Our compliments to Grubb, and probably a consolation prize, if not the 360K.

The third group, and it was the smallest of all, invoked higher mathematics to contend that, in addition to the small, plainly visible diamonds, there were additional patterns of diamonds created by groupings of them. An enterprising one among these was Simon M. Newman of the Farm Bureau Insurance Company's Washington office, who extracted a pattern made up of one black-and-one white diamond to prove his point, and then pointed it up further with figures giving a total of 19,389.

Several others who pursued this thesis worked into the same neighborhood of 19,000, but differed with Mr. Newman on the three final digits. Several of these included half-diamonds in the original pattern which he omitted. A convincing total of 19,679, or 19,667, or even more, was arrived at by several readers, of which, in my opinion, Banesh Hoffmann produced the best literary exposition. Perhaps the fact that he is a member of the department of mathematics of Queens College intimidates me (figures were never my favorite subject) but his arguments are worth heeding:

> Let us count the diamonds in the grill pattern. The white ones and the black ones together come to about 2,000. But what of the larger diamonds formed of clusters of four of these small ones, two white and two black? They are diamonds in shape, and there is no reason to confine ourself to the smallest size only. Indeed, the larger a diamond the greater its worth. We must certainly count these more valuable diamonds. They come in many sizes, 2 by 2, 3 by 3, 4 by 4, and so on, up to enormous diamonds composed of clusters of 22 by 22, or 484 small ones. All told there are 19,679

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diamonds in the grill pattern, some of those being obscured by the lady. [Robert J. Allio of Northampton, Massachusetts, counts 19,667, thus counting "teacher" wrong. Frank Attix of Washington, D. C., also calculated 19,679, and W. F. Stevenson of Bennetsville, South Carolina, was close enough at 19,673 to merit mention.]

But even this is not all [continues Hoffmann]. To the right of the lady, and below the grill pattern, appears some technical information about cycles, the Fletcher-Munson curve, and the G. E. Variable Reluctance Cartridge. And what do we see being squandered in the role of punctuation signs there? Four more diamonds. . . . [Adding to these the "2,000 diamonds" of the original statement, which—says Professor Hoffmann—legally validate the claim that the page "contains" 2,000 diamonds, brings us to a grand total of 21,683.]

Are we done? [he goes on]. Perhaps. But not necessarily. A little detective work may lead us to suspect the existence of even more diamonds. . . . The lady has interesting curves (it is difficult to resist the temptation to refer to her as Miss Fletcher-Munson). Is she married? If so, Columbia shows poor psychology in tempting us with the unattainable. Is she, then, completely unattached? She seems too attractive for that. Ergo, she is, most likely engaged. And in that case she will be wearing a diamond ring. . . .

On the strength of reasoning power and the apt expression of his conclusions, reader Hoffmann is hereby awarded the Columbia 360K for the best "evaluation of the situation."

However, just to show that mass wit is more perceptive than any one person's, shrewd-eyed reader Hoffmann overlooked one diamond spotted by a reader with a much more modest total. He is Sid Block of Chicago, Illinois. Working with only the original diamonds—but subtracting those hidden by the girl's figure—and adding to them the four also spotted by Hoffmann in the punctuation, he produces a total of 2,098—2,097 in the patterns and punctuation, and *one* more. "Where? you ask" queries Block. "In the cartridge of the 360K," pictured at the bottom of the page.

In addition to honorable mention, some token of appreciation (in the form of records) will be dispatched to all those mentioned herein, as well as grand prizewinner Hoffmann. And, for the record, let it be stated that the decision on awards was made in the *SR* office, which exculpates Columbia from any blame. Comments, criticisms, and condemnations should be addressed to the Recordings Editor.

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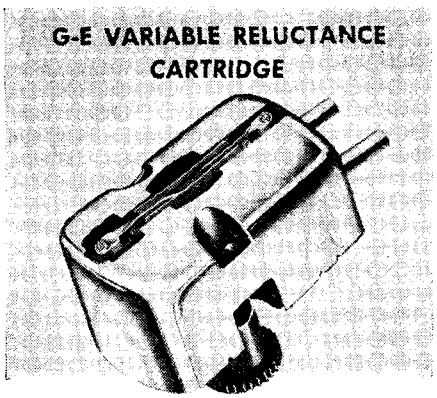

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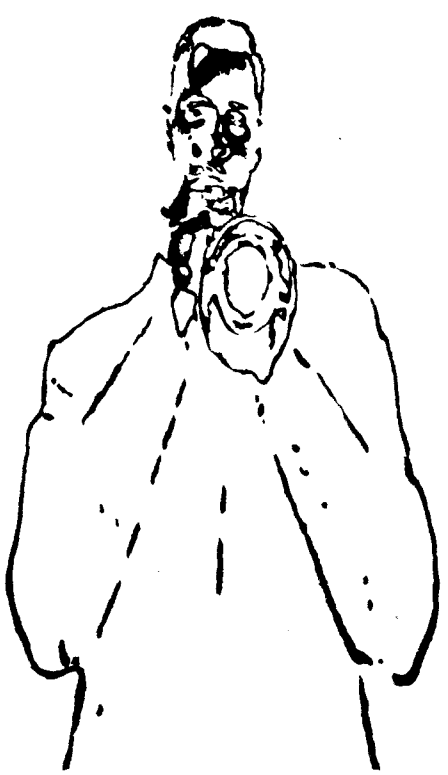
The Gentlemen of Jazz

By WHITNEY BALLIETT

THE West Coast school of modern jazz, which is now as unmistakable as a top hat at noon, began taking on definition about three years ago in Los Angeles and San Francisco. During that time its practitioners have grown to number roughly sixty musicians, who support, and are supported by, six full-time local record companies and as many nightclubs, as well as a large and enthusiastic public. It has been said, nevertheless, that this movement is an illusion, a geographical accident, a type of jazz that is no different fundamentally from the modern jazz being evolved anywhere else at the present time. Such arguments, though, are more a matter of critics flexing their pens than of music. For the lineage alone (Stan Kenton, Woody Herman, Charlie Barnet, Lester Young, and a handful of West Coast music schools) of the dozen or so musicians at the center of the group is compact and easily traceable. And their music, on over fifty LPs, need only be listened to as an individual body of jazzworks for one to catch its specific qualities—certain sounds, a pervasive suavity, experimentalism, proficiency—which are as original and clear cut in combination as were the intramural efforts in their time of the earlier schools of jazz.

The outlines of this new jazz have recently been brought sharply, and occasionally brilliantly, into focus with the publication of a collection of 103 photographs by a young free-lance California photographer named William Claxton (**"Jazz West Coast: A Portfolio of Photographs."** Linear Productions. $2.50). Put together by Claxton, Richard Bock, who is a West Coast recording executive, and a small group of local critics and jazz admirers, the book contains eighty-eight pages, and is approximately of the size and durability of an average winter issue of *Life* magazine. There are, in addition to the pictures, a critical summation of the movement by Will MacFarland, and a history of West Coast jazz, which, as Nesuhi Ertegun points out, began in 1910, when Freddie Keppard, the raffish trumpeter, arrived on the Coast with a band. There are also forty-seven brief biographies, including selective discographies and composer-arranger credits, of the major and minor figures of the movement. As a collection of photographs alone, the book, which has a handsome and spacious layout, is arresting, and as a group of studies of jazzmen at work and in repose, it equals the best of the jazz photography of Gjon Mili, Popsie Randolph, Herman Leonard, and Otto Hess. Especially striking are the photographs of Red Norvo in an expressive manoeuver one can almost hear; Shelly Manne delicately at work with wire brushes; Clifford Brown, puffing; Max Roach, thinking; the Modern Jazz Quartet, posing like a group of prophets at the seashore (these last three are included as "distinguished visitors"); and Chet Baker, appearing as callow and moppish as a prep-school boy.



—From "Jazz West Coast."

"Jazz West Coast" is not an attempt, as its editors make clear, to prove or disprove the existence of a school of West Coast jazz, nor is it intended to be comprehensive, for the San Francisco archeological movement, exemplified by Lu Watters, Turk Murphy, and Bob Scobey, is only touched upon. What the book manages is a representative illumination of a way of modern jazz that is, above all

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else, a demonstration of a new, strong collective sense of taste. Everything, indeed, that the West Coast modernists do is framed with taste: their music, the production of their records, Claxton's book, their ways of living, their genteel appearances. Jazz, which has always been a heedless, self-charging mixture of poetry, energy, color, and spirit, has not always been concerned with taste, probably because it has never before been mature enough. But now it has come of such age, it seems almost as though—at least in the work of the southern Californians—it had hurriedly to change into a Brooks Brothers suit and hat, to be mannerly, to be a music compounded, as it were, of *mot justes.*

The unfortunate result of this strenuous chase for sophistication has been the tendency of the West Coast modernists to produce jazz that resembles the intellectual anchovying one finds at literary cocktail parties. For, too often their music is dependent on over-arranging, monotonous compositions, precious sounds, and a lacy attack, as if, in the words of Wilder Hobson, they were simply afraid to "toot that thing." However, the West Coast men, whose ablest members are Shelly Manne, Jimmy Guiffre, Gerry Mulligan, and Shorty Rogers, have at the same time attempted to enlarge standard jazz forms, fuse control with improvisation, experiment with highly distinctive sounds and textures, and reinstitute the sort of beat without which jazz goes limp. They have in addition whittled out a fragile and often delightful jazz within jazz—with such melody combinations as oboe-flute, piano-drums, guitar-oboe, guitar-trombone, and trumpet-baritone—which comes at a time when one had thought the very tonal possibilities of the instruments used in jazz had been plumbed. And they have brought to bear on jazz, because many of them both write and arrange music as well as play several different instruments with an aplomb that would have startled King Oliver, an unprecedented amount of musical equipment.

A good deal of this eggheadedness is in the faces in Claxton's generous, low-key photographs, many of which, in the way they have caught postures, appearances, and expressions, might well have been taken at a graduate school tea. For these are the scholar-gentlemen of jazz, who, as is plain in their work, wear their music seriously and confidently. They are akin, in this sense, to the literary critics who weight the pages of the college quarterlies with refined, highly intelligent, and introverted essays, in which the fires of feeling have been damped to a barely distinguishable glow.

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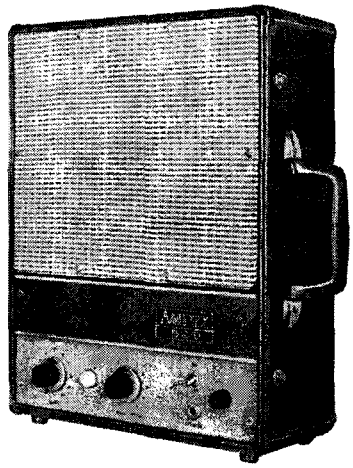

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How Many Watts?

By R. S. LANIER

WE HAVE a "watts race" going on in high-fidelity amplifiers, a little like the "horsepower race" in the automobile showrooms. Ten watts of output capability used to rate as medium power, and thirty watts as high power, in a living-room amplifier. Today we are offered a number of amplifiers for home use that put out fifty, sixty, even seventy watts of low-distortion power. Plenty of excellent amplifiers with ten- to thirty-watt ratings have lately come on the market too, but the existence of the new top bracket has a strong tendency to color our reasoning and emotion on the subject of amplifier power.

So here we go again for answers to the old question: how many watts do I really need? As a starter, here are the axioms on amplifier power:

(1) Dollars go up when watts go up, and above forty or fifty watts the dollars go up very fast indeed.

(2) A fifty-watt amplifier, when called on for only one or two watts (which will produce a good average *loud* sound in the medium to large living room) is not necessarily any better than a fifteen-watt amplifier operating at the same one or two watts, because the distortion in all the high-grade amplifiers today is at the vanishing point when they operate at a fraction of their ratings.

(3) A great deal depends on how much of the amplifier output your loudspeaker turns into sound, that is, on the speaker efficiency. The big dividing line is between cone speakers in boxes or flat baffles, with 3 per cent to 10 per cent efficiency, and speakers with large, well-designed horns, which have 30 per cent to 50 per cent efficiency. In other words, one watt fed into a well-designed horn speaker will produce just as much sound as five to ten watts in a flat-baffled speaker.

(4) The need for power goes up fast if you try to reproduce loud, distortionless sound in the *very* low bass, from, say, fifty cycles per second down to twenty-five cps. A loud twenty-five cps—if your loudspeaker will actually reproduce it—takes a lot more power than a note at sixty cps.

(5) You need about *ten times* the power used at medium loud volume, to reproduce with full massiveness and clarity the biggest crescendos in symphony music.

(6) The need for power goes up with the size of the room, not quite as fast as room volume but something on that order.

(7) A room with a lot of sound-absorbing material—heavy rugs, overstuffed chairs, thick drapes—takes much more power than a room with a preponderance of hard reflecting surfaces.

PUTTING this all together, we can construct the following *very rough* scale of amplifier power need as affected by room size. We assume: a room with a moderate amount of sound absorbing material; a flat-baffled speaker with medium efficiency for its type; strong, distortionless reproduction to about fifty cycles per second; and a husky power margin to take care of crescendos, enough for all but truly overpowering effects with symphonic music. Here is the scale:

Small rooms, fourteen feet by fourteen feet or less: three to ten watts. (Hi-fi amplifiers are not often made with less than ten-watt rating, but if you are the make-it-yourself type you can find designs for the smaller amplifiers.)

Medium to large rooms, up to twenty by twenty: ten to twenty watts.

Very large rooms, up to thirty by forty feet: thirty watts. If you have a high-efficiency horn speaker, all of these amplifier ratings can be halved or divided by three.

And so, where do our fifty to seventy-watt amplifiers come in? Here are some possible reasons for wanting such a super-wallop in your machine:

(1) You have a huge space to fill with sound. In a castle-sized room

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with much furniture, rugs, drapes, etc., the power need can go way up.

(2) You are intent on loud, distortionless reproduction of fundamental notes down to twenty-five or thirty cycles per second. This assumes, of course, that your loudspeaker will reproduce such low notes, which can be very exciting, but are also very expensive and not in the least necessary to the complete enjoyment of recorded music.

(3) You can persuade your family and any near neighbors to accept, if not to enjoy, symphony crescendos that move small objects around the room and leave the listener shaken to his innermost being.

(4) You just like the feeling of having all those watts in your cabinet.

Don't underrate that last motive. A big, super-watt amplifier gives most of us the same sense of well-being as a long auto-hood with 250 horsepower under it. The big amplifier handles sudden mountains of sound with the contemptuous ease of a Bugatti shooting away after a traffic stop.

This lightning-quick massiveness must be handled with a great deal of respect. A seventy-watt amplifier can easily destroy a loudspeaker system designed for twenty-five watts. The cone suspension will be torn, or the speaker coil burnt out by currents of a size the designer did not dream of. Resist any temptation to buy a super-power amplifier unless your loudspeaker is big enough to take it.

The best way to find the relation of dollars-to-watts-to-satisfaction in your own case is to listen to two amplifiers, one with a power rating considerably on the high side of your requirements, and the other much lower in power rating but of high quality. Use a symphonic recording of very high quality, which you know well; it should have passages going quickly from soft to loud. Use the same pickup, turntable (or tape player), and loudspeaker. Repeat fairly short passages of the music, first with one amplifier and then with the other.

Take your time. Don't lose sight of the fact that if the other components are of high quailty, and the record is top notch, you will likely get splendid highly satisfying results with the lower powered amplifier. As already indicated the differences will come, if they show up at all, in the ease of handling sudden heavy crashes of sound, and in the power and clarity of the *very* low bass.

Keep listening until you can decide firmly whether or not the larger amplifier has any advantage, in *your room*, with *your pickup* and *speaker*, that would justify to you the difference in cost.

Is his book
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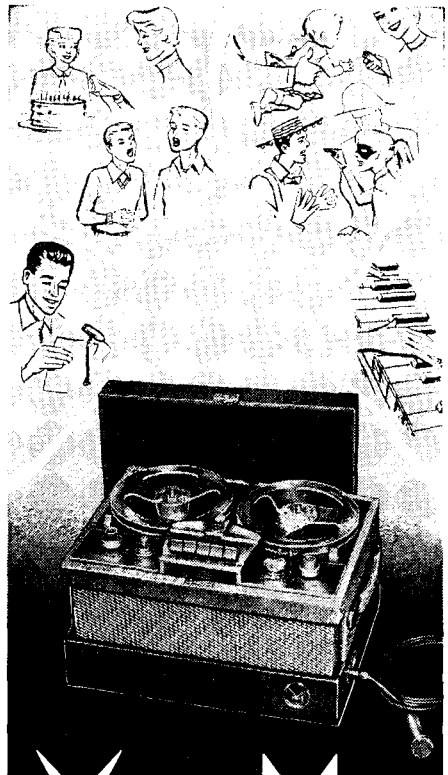

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The Agony of Henry Pleasants

By IRVING KOLODIN

HENRY PLEASANT's (ironic name for a man with such less than pleasant opinions) **"The Agony of Modern Music"** (Simon and Schuster, $3) poses both a problem and a challenge for a reviewer. The problem begins with an examination of the printed jacket, in which the pre-publication opinions of Erich Leinsdorf, William Schuman, Morton Gould, and Paul Henry Lang—not to say Artie Shaw, George Marek, and Andre Kostelanetz—are arranged in ranks of pros and cons. Since the whole subject has been so liberally prejudged, why add another? Fortunately, I saw the text in galleys some months ago, and thus am not influenced by Artie Shaw's endorsement (he *would* be partial to a thesis stressing audience approval or the lack of it) or John Cage's denunciation.

The distressing thing about Pleasants's performance, it seems to me, is that he would rather make controversy than sense. A man of proven journalistic ability and considerable familiarity with music in Europe (if less in America, where he has not lived regularly since entering the Army in 1942, then going into government work) he names few names, generalizes broadly, and particularizes not at all. When it suits his purpose he cites this historic fact or that . . . too often, I fear, in the spirit of the boy mentioned by Tovey who reported to his father that he had heard a sermon about a "cross-eye bear." It turned out that the reference was to a "Cross I Bear."

The nub of Pleasants's argument—if so much that is sprawling and contradictory can be called an argument—is that contemporary serious music is unimportant because it has lost contact with the public, and that only jazz is consequential because it *has* a public. In his preface he disavows any concern with the economic problems of contemporary composers in the lofty statement: "The composer has no economic problems not directly traceable to his music." In short, the highly salable Richard Rodgers is a more useful fellow, socially, than the relatively unsalable Schönberg. I doubt that even Rodgers thinks so.

"In the seventeenth, eighteenth, and even the nineteenth centuries gifted composers were numerous. Their purpose was to please and to prosper from approval," pronounces Pleasants at one point. But who were they required to please? Haydn's Prince Esterhazy? Beethoven's Archduke Rudolf? Wagner's King Ludwig? Pleasants does not at any point reckon with the fact that the approval of an elite is now confused with the indifference of a mass. It is, substantially, the nature of the *musical public* that has changed rather than the problem of the composer.

Pleasants is a confirmed practitioner of the portmanteau principle of argument, in which logic is expanded to include what is useful, contracted to exclude what doesn't serve. Thus, in decrying modern composers he states: "Nor should the numerous festivals of contemporary music, the grants, the fellowships and commissions . . . be interpreted as evidence of vitality." On the other hand, a little later, it is a virtue of the past that "Among non-opera composers, Schubert, Mendelssohn . . . all derived a sizable proportion of their income from commissioned compositions, etc."

It is his primary thesis, as I have mentioned, that, "The serious composer has lost touch with the currents of popular taste." On the other hand, when it is required—in a mere documentation of unignorable fact—to deal with "Those who have courted the public, such composers as Weill and Menotti, [who] have enjoyed some measure of popular success" it is Pleasants's contention that they enjoy "but little esteem in the profession." He should have witnessed the premiere of "The Saint of Bleecker Street" (attended by many men of stature in their profession) and heard the intermission comments. Or, as a student of the writings of Virgil Thomson, whom he quotes at length when it suits his purpose, he should recall a review of "The Medium" and "The Telephone" which ended "*Ev-viva* Menotti!"

"The road to musical bankruptcy," says Pleasants, "began with Beethoven." Reason? He made the composer a philosopher and poet. If anything, all this means is that no greater thinker in musical terms has yet emerged, and few of comparable brain-power. Pursuing this logic, one would accuse Rembrandt of torpedoing the progress of art by a use of colors not matched since, or Stradivarius as subversive because his successors haven't found his secrets of blending varnishes or seasoning wood.

Pleasants is adroit in quoting legend

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when it suits, or fact when it is more pertinent. On page 4 he declares, in support of some purpose of the moment, "Haydn, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven" were all "popular composers." On page 62, it is his convenience to remind us of "the melancholy circumstances under which composers as Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert" etc., "lived and died." Pleasants's escape-hatch here is a reference to the fact that whatever may be said of their end, they were "famous." As—though he neglects to mention—were Schönberg, Bartók, and Berg, whether or not they were "popular."

It would be futile, even if it were possible, to summarize the contradictions, half-truths, and distortions which crowd the 180 pages of this volume, the syllogisms, false conclusions, and calm assumptions based on unproven fact. "Certainly," says Pleasants "there is nothing in the 'Rhapsody in Blue' or 'An American in Paris' to compare in simple, spontaneous creative genius with 'The Man I Love' or 'Embraceable You'." *Certainly*? Whose certainty is involved? Henry Pleasants' or George Gershwin's?

PERHAPS more people are writing less good music than at the middle of the nineteenth century, say. No one who hears as much of it as Pleasants or myself will disagree on the existence of a real problem. But the problem is grave enough without being made the subject of a diatribe which will only confuse the layman and offend the discriminating. Who is to say WHAT the problem of modern music is, when so great a composer as Carl Nielsen is barely known outside of Denmark, where he died nearly twenty-five years ago?

The whole qualification of Pleasants to argue his views persuasively breaks down, it seems to me, when he takes on the problem of Verdi's later operas. They were influenced, he contends, "by the sanctity accorded the recently rediscovered" (as of 1890) "more thoughtful than melodious last works of Beethoven." "Even the melodious Verdi," he goes on, "was conspicuously less tuneful after 'Aida.' He has been applauded for it by critics and connoisseurs ever since, although 'Rigoletto,' 'La Traviata,' 'Il Trovatore,' and 'Aida' continue to be his most popular operas." Needless to say, where it elsewhere suits his purpose, on page 71—to prove the immediate acceptance of worthwhile works of the past—Pleasants quotes Toye to show that "Otello" and "Falstaff" were rapturously approved at their premieres not only by the audience in the theatre, but by the "crowd of admirers" outside.

Pleasants can't have it both ways, much as he would like. Music is an art almost always behind developments in others—the histories of literature, painting, and architecture are replete with proof—but almost always ahead of the perceptions of the *mass* of contemporary auditors. Perhaps it is so because it is the least tangible of the arts, the most challenging to assimilate and enjoy. I, like Pleasants, relish "Some Enchanted Evening," but I think "Verklärte Nacht" will last just as long, even if it doesn't make as much money. Variety is the spice of life, but the *Variety* yardstick is not the proper measure of artistic accomplishment.

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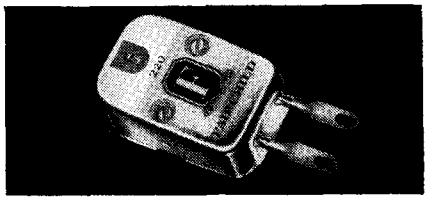

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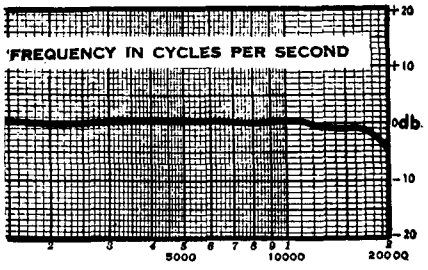

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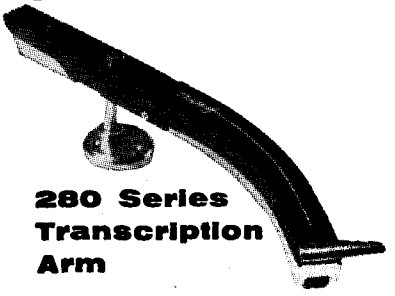

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So many different kinds of jazz are now being offered on records that the convenient classification of 1) Dixieland, 2) Swing, and 3) Modern is no longer adequate. Hybrids and offshoots abound. We try our best to suggest to the reader what *kind* of syncopation he may expect from a given disc, but feel that it is wise, from time to time, to invite him into the writer's laboratory and indicate problems that are encountered there. Please bear with us.

Anyone who has ever suffered from what happens to the country-club trio of saxophone, piano, and drums when good old Ed McChesney of Colgate '23 and Consolidated Gas takes his usual Saturday night turn on the traps—any such one, we say, will relish the staying power of Art Tatum at the piano, Benny Carter at the alto saxophone, and Louis Bellson on the drums (Clef MGC-643). Tatum is an astounding musician who is apt to be too florid for our taste, but with a band, even a little trio, he is under group restraints which favor his magical chordal manipulation and cut down his ornament. That is what happens here. Carter and Bellson are masters, the tunes include such treats as "My Blue Heaven," "Idaho," and "I'm Left with the Blues in My Heart," and the country club was seldom like this.

Two of the foremost modern jazz chamber groups are well represented this month. The Lionel Hampton Quintet (Clef MGC-642) is especially noteworthy for the leader's vibraphone and Oscar Peterson's delightfully inventive piano; how he keeps it up, considering the number of recording dates he plays for the Norman Granz organization, is more than we can comprehend. The group delivers a fine, jumping "Don't Be That Way," and much dulcet business in "These Foolish Things" and "The Way You Look Tonight." Their exploration of the possible byways around a tune is very intrepid voyaging, and so is that of the Dave Brubeck Quartet (Columbia CL-622). Delicacy is one of their virtues, when it does not become so effete as to be one of their vices. But the gentle nocturne is certainly a province of jazz, well occupied here by pianist Brubeck and his alto saxophonist Paul Desmond, with special credit to a minor blues named for Audrey Hepburn.

A seminar in modern jazz trumpet playing is conducted by professors Roy Eldridge and Dizzy Gillespie, with Oscar Peterson again at the piano (Clef MGC-641). As the great horn men vie with each other over these long expanses of wax, fighting phrase for phrase and arabesque for arabesque, we find ourselves with mixed emotions. We wouldn't miss it for worlds, but we think the competition—and it is certainly that—often continues too long. It is a relief, when it happens, to hear Peterson take over at the piano and play in his non-combative way. In other words, this record is jampacked with extraordinary trumpet playing carried to strained extremes. "Cutting contests" can be great spontaneous fun, but the basic idea in music, after all, is to cohere

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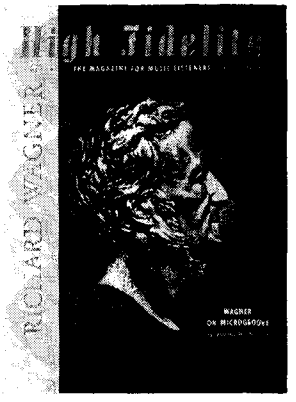
rather than compete. The subtle, agile valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer has no competition on a new LP, and is supported by an able rhythm section in performances of his own and other works (Clef MGC-644). Johnny Smith is a guitarist who plays the instrument with loving, sensitive mastery, bringing out its luminous character. Such men are scarce in jazz, where new technical possibilities have tended to obscure the guitar's intrinsic voice. But Smith (Roost LP-421) cleaves to that which is good in a program of such favorites as "Lover Man" and "Stranger in Paradise."

Glowingly catholic as this department has long been in the matter of jazz styles, we are glad to detect a growing realization that an LP offers plenty of room for many jazz manners. Perhaps the best buy of the month, for a neophyte just beginning to search out the field, would be the "Jazz Sampler" issued by a new organization called the Jazztone Society, which apparently proposes to become a Jazz-of-the-Month Club. The "Sampler" (Jazztone J-SPEC 100) allows the new hand, or for that matter the old hand, to hear the traditional vigor of soprano saxophonist Sidney Bechet in "Jelly Roll Blues" and of clarinetist Albert Nicholas in "Basin Street Blues" (with some elegant trombone rhapsodizing by Fernando Arbelo). There is another superlative small band blues, "Serenade to a Shylock," made twenty-odd years ago by a combination including trombonist Jack Teagarden, trumpeter Bobby Hackett, clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, and tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman. The modern contributions come right down to alto saxophonist Charlie Parker and trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie. If we must have the spate of revivals now inundating the market, it would be well to have more of such skilfully chosen olios as this.

The piano department is open, and the first suggestion is the latest LP by that gay, gifted, and exasperating fellow, Erroll Garner. Certain of his pianistic mannerisms have been assailed here from time to time, but he is a changeable, fertile man and former comments do not apply in the new case. He has recently been tailing the mambo and other Latin-American pianists, and hurls them a mighty defy in "Mambo Moves Garner" (Mercury MG-20055). The verdict is that they had better watch out. The Afro-Latin-American piano style, with its abrupt rhythms and high treble insistence, may not please everyone—we frequently wish that Erroll's right hand would drop down a bit—but it is a powerful style, and Garner has not only mastered it but, as might be expected, had all kinds of original fun. His acid harmonic transmutations in "Begin the Beguine" are noteworthy; his own compositions "Mambo Garner" and "Mambo Nights" are lulus in their vibrant way; and throughout the program his support includes the superb conga drummer, Candido. Two modern jazz pianists of vigor and variety—both of them perfectly accessible to generously conservative ears—are Kenny Drew (Norgran MGN-29) and Al Haig (Period SPL-1104). Both of them have harmonic sophistication without freakish obsessions. And the modern arranger Ralph Burns, noted for his services with the Woody Herman band, proves himself most ingratiating in the salon idiom (Period 1105 and 1109).

The month's recommendation in the way of old time singing and playing is the voice of the New Orleans veteran, Lizzie Miles, backed in an offering of "Moans and Blues" by the pianist Red Camp and Tony Almerico's Parisian Room Band (Cook 1182-A). There is not a single note of musical pioneering in the entire disc, but there is the ripest emanation of the American minstrel and vaudeville tradition. These people possess that tradition, from "Memphis Blues" to "Animal Ball" to "Goin' Away to Wear You off My Mind." —WILDER HOBSON.

Which Wagner records to buy?



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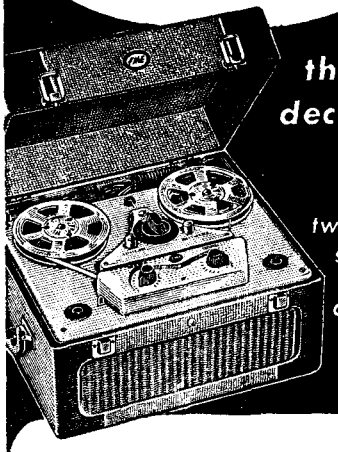

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SPOTLIGHT ON THE MODERNS

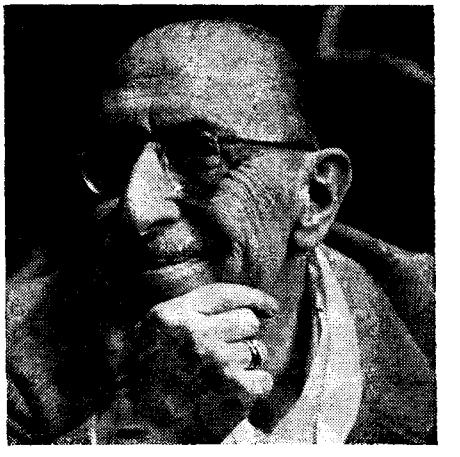
STRAVINSKY FROM THE SOURCE

OF THE highly consequential LP's Stravinsky has been making for Columbia with a fair degree of regularity the latest to be released (ML-4964) cannot conceivably fail to have an enthusiastic reception both from music-lovers and those who are simply hi-fi fans. My own enthusiasm, I admit, may have been heightened by the casualness with which I approached most of its contents. "L'Histoire du Soldat" and the Octet, both written around 1920, are comparatively lightweight in terms of more recent Stravinsky works and are well known in several recorded versions which, if they have their limitations, are of no mean quality. My interest was mostly aroused by the last ten minutes, the "Symphonies of Wind Instruments," dating from the same period, since this work, now recorded for the first time, generated the extraordinary widely-spaced, bi-chordal harmonies that strongly characterize this master's later music.

But when, in reverse order, I arrived at the suite from "L'Histoire," the freshness of both the reading and the reproduction filled me with new excitement for this work which I had long taken for granted. The music sparkles, and every detail, every little inflection, falls wonderfully into place. Part of this is due to Stravinsky's pacing of some of the fast parts more rapidly than when he conducted it for 78-rpm, and of some of the slow parts more broadly. It may seem odd that so precise a composer, meticulous with his metronome marks and impatient with the licenses of interpreters, should be so volatile himself. But as listeners it takes us time to apprehend an original product, and it may be that the artist, too, understands his own work better and sees it in a new light after he has lived with it or has been able to stand back and view it objectively. Also, performers take time to acquire the necessary new technique. Could Stravinsky have envisaged so long ago that a new generation, nurtured on his music, would include the fabulous Robert Nagel (cornet) and Al Howard, who unravel his knottiest passages with the greatest ease—to say nothing of the recording advances to do justice to mercurial counterpoint.

The "Symphonies of Wind Instruments" (Robert Craft suggests "litanies" as their analogue, since the title has nothing to do with traditional symphony) require twenty-three men—more than chamber societies can muster up and more winds than some symphonic works call for. Since conductors will rarely dismiss the strings for a whole piece, we may go for a long while without hearing this work in any other form but the present one, recorded in Germany. With such a fine performance on LP, this prospect is not a dim one. The tape was made with relatively lower volume, so the listener should be sure to turn up the dial after listening to the other two works. It has somewhat less presence, too. For the two works recorded in its own studios Columbia had obviously made an all-out effort for acoustical excellence, and some of the best examples of reproduction have been surpassed.

The neat percussion sound is what will attract hi-fi fans most—or the fully encompassed range between it and the high cornet. Similar attraction is offered by a quartet for trumpet, tenor saxophone, percussion, and piano (and again by Nagel and Howard) on an LP of Stefan Wolpe's music (Esoteric 530). This is a montage of jazz fragments that catches the attention at first but loses it as the form ceases to have direction. The passacaglia for piano and the sonata for violin and piano are more important works, and far more complex, too. The complexity may make us blame ourselves for not grasping the form and cause us to think it may become clearer on further acquaintance. But I suspect these works have the same faults of continuity as the quartet. Still, it is good to have the problematic works of Wolpe in such



Stravinsky—"so volatile."

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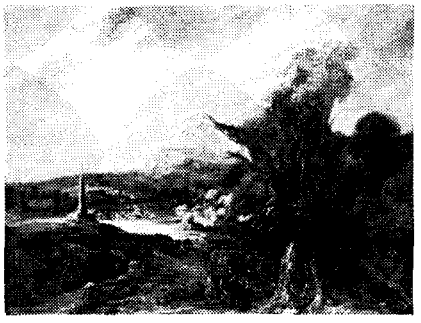
an admirable recording. I had not recognized, until hearing Frances Magnes and David Tudor play the violin sonata, its sculptural beauty or rhythmic impetus, and in the passacaglia Tudor reveals unexpected delicacy. This is the most satisfying of the three works, for the episodic formula of the passacaglia relieves the composer of maintaining continuity through his own resources—resources based on twelve-tone devices modified according to his own interval theories.

After hearing chamber music so well reproduced, Reginald Kell's new recording (with Melvin Ritter, violin, and Joel Rosen, piano) leaves much to be desired (Decca 9740). With two very good LP versions of Bartók's "Contrasts" a third seems pointless if it is no better than this one. It is hard to know whether to fix blame on the clarinetist, his instrumental accomplices, or the acoustics. Whatever the case may be, the distinguished Mr. Kell can ill afford such unfavorable comparison to an assistant clarinetist of the New York Philharmonic, Stanley Drucker, who plays brilliantly on the version under the Bartók imprint. The Decca LP also includes a pleasant but innocuous suite for the same combination by Milhaud, and there is more of this composer's affable music, but of somewhat better quality, on a new L'Oiseau Lyre LP (DL 53002). The French Wind Quintet, including the eminent flutist, Rampal, plays with wonderful blending and taste. There is no want of first-rate recordings of "La Cheminée du Roi René," but this surpasses them all. "Suite d'après Corrette" is a nice bonus and the reproduction is very suave.

A Westminster LP (5299) with Hindemith's two string trios (made in Vienna by Pougnet, Pini, and Riddle) fills a noticeable gap. The straightforward performance, however, does nothing to enhance the music, and the second and more inspired of the trios will sound especially pale to those who remember the 78-rpm version of Goldberg, Hindemith, and Feuermann. Nor, in the earlier trio, need the ruggedness of Hindemith of the Twenties be expressed so aggressively. This also occurred to me while listening to Janos Starker in the Sonata for cello and piano, Op. 11, No. 3, written in 1920 when Hindemith, under the shadow of Brahms and Reger, began to show his strong personality and to be attracted by the athleticism of the time (Period 715). With Leon Pommers as very able collaborator, the cellist plays with great security but overlooks opportunities to let the sunlight in.

At last someone has had the good sense to delve into Poulenc's piano music of the Thirties. Now that John Ranck has recorded "Les Soirées de Nazelles," a work of personal neo-Romanticism that has something in common with the long episodic works of Schumann (Zodiac 1002), he should consider the "Improvisations." He has a flair for this music. But why, I wonder, did Mr. Ranck cut three-and-a-half pages where the composer suggests an optional cut of only one-and-a-half. If he did so with Poulenc's approval, it should have been stated in the notes. To be sure, once a composer gives the least privilege to a performer in a matter like this the latter feels he can take as much as he likes. Whatever the case may be, the overall merit of the record is hardly impaired by the cut. The pianist neither gained much from it nor suffered any serious loss. The inclusion, among short pieces on the reverse side, of Frederick Werlé's "Sonata Brevis," No. 2, was a touching bit of devotion on Mr. Ranck's part to an obscure and, if this work is an example, rather pedantic American composer. There is much too much dwelling on the basic three-note motif. —ARTHUR BERGER.



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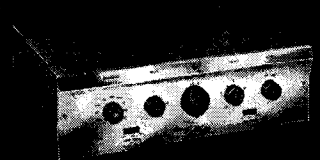

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Who "Forced" Whom?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the following letter served as Chief of Denazification of German Financial Institutions (OMG-U.S.) after the war, and later as director of the Division of Investigation of Cartels and External Assets.*

THE PUBLIC DISPUTE concerning the proper reception for former Nazi Party members Karajan and Westerman appearing as conductor and manager respectively of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra has raised anew the necessity to evaluate the ex-Nazi Party members' invariable assertion that "I was forced to join" and "I was only a 'formal' not an active Nazi member." Whatever conclusion one may reach about the propriety of the Karajan-Westerman appearance in our country, it certainly seems to me necessary to challenge this "forced Nazi member" concept which is contrary to all known facts concerning the actualities of membership in the German National Socialist Labor Party (NSDAP).

The fact is that there are no verified instances of any Germans being "forced" to join the Nazi Party. Actually, membership in the Nazi Party was a much-sought-after prize, so much so that Nazi leaders constantly were required to enforce long periods of prohibition on new membership and to maintain rigorous tests establishing clear Nazi loyalty as prerequisite to Party membership. Hitler and other Nazi leaders always viewed the Nazi Party as a qualitative and not a quantitative organization—not to exceed 10 per cent of the eligible Germans. The official Nazi party manual, "Oganisationsbuch der NSDAP," quotes Hitler as stating that "only the best National Socialists shall be admitted to NSDAP." The principle of *voluntary* membership was constantly repeated and enforced by Nazi Party leaders, who viewed such membership as a privilege only to be enjoyed by the most devoted adherents of Hitler and Nazism.

The bandwagon rush of Germans to join the Nazi Party in the first months of Hitler's coming to power led to the closing of further membership in the Party as of May 1, 1933. This closed period *(Mitgliedersperre)* continued until May 1, 1937, when there was a slight relaxation *(Lockerung der Mitgliedersperre)* of the prohibition of new Nazi Party members. General membership was not reopened until 1939. Only a special group of Germans who during their years of waiting for membership had proven themselves to be active and devoted Nazis were allowed to enter the Party after 1937 and even after 1939. During the 1933-1937 "closed period" any individual exceptions to the membership prohibition had to be approved by Hitler or by Rudolph Hess.

The true meaning of Nazi Party membership is further indicated by facts such as the following: many hundreds of thousands of Germans made application for Nazi Party membership and were active for years in the organization of membership applicants *(Parteianwaerter)* as they tried to prove by acts their eligibility to the award of actual Nazi Party membership. At least one third of these applicants for party membership were ultimately rejected on grounds such as "lack of sufficient party enthusiasm" or "marriage to a Polish woman." Members of the Nazi Party who "lost their interest" or did anything contrary to the aims of the NSDAP were required to be expelled from membership; expulsion (the Nazi directives stated) was not to be the cause of loss of private employment for the expellee.

In the face of these facts, how can anyone accept the excuse for Nazi Party membership as having been forced? It is true that opportunism, the hope of special rewards and promotions, advantages in the assumption of positions and property formerly held by Jews and other victimized or not favored by the ruling Nazis were surely served by the attainment of Party membership. But this self-serving avowal and active support of the Nazi Party principles and program can hardly be passed off as "forced" merely because it brought rewards of wealth and status.

It was a common cynical joke in post-war Germany that there were "no Nazis in Germany." With the passage of the years, efforts to deny and conceal complicity in the Nazi movement increase. These efforts are not to confess and ask forgiveness, but to deny and assert "hidden opposition" rather than complicity. The fact is that there were millions of Germans who were active Nazi supporters, applicants for Party membership, members of Nazi formations and affiliates, etc. who never achieved the "reward" of actual Party membership. Thus, while non-membership in the Nazi Party cannot *per se* be taken to indicate lack of a German's support or sympathy for Nazism, *there is absolutely no basis to question the fact that actual Nazi Party membership is proof of active support and complicity in the Nazi Party.*

All of these facts concerning the true nature of Nazi Party membership are confirmed by records and documents of the German Nazi Party in U.S. Government possession since 1946.

Where does this leave Germans such as Karajan and Westerman who assert they were "forced" to join the Nazi Party in 1933 and 1935? The least one can say is that the public reception of these former Nazi members should be based on the actual facts about the true meaning of Nazi Party membership and not on any self-serving assertion of the "I was *forced* to join the Nazi Party" myth.

RUSS NIXON.

New York, N.Y.

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TO A PRESIDENT'S TASTE: The record (Columbia SL-220, $10) with the songs of "The Confederacy" and the reading of General Robert E. Lee's final order by the Reverend Mr. Lee, a kinsman of the great general, is excellent.

Those old songs brought back the days of my childhood, when my mother sang them to my brother and sister and me. My father would join in the chorus and we'd have a regular concert, ending perhaps with some good old Baptist hymns like, "We'll Gather at the River" and "Rock of Ages," or "Home Sweet Home," "Auld Lang Syne," or "Old Kentucky Home."

When I listened to the record I could see Jeb Stuart with his plumed hat and red-lined cape galloping around McClellan during the Peninsular Campaign. I could see Old Jack riding down the Valley in the rain, eating apples at Sharpsburg, riding up the Plank Road at Chancellorsville —being shot by the North Carolinians. I could see the incomparable Robert E. Lee at Fredericksburg, advising Jackson, A. P. Hill, and Longstreet that they should save their energies for the enemy and not quarrel with each other.

Then Appomattox Court House and Marse Robert's ride to Richmond. His final order to the Army of Northern Virginia.

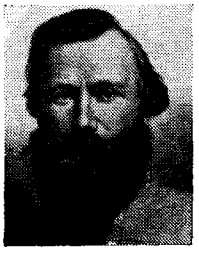
Then I thought of the terrible Reconstruction and old Thad Stevens and Ben Wade, who wanted Andrew Johnson kicked out so he could be the President.

But we've forgotten the bitterness of that struggle and have profited by its lessons. The greatest Republic in the history of the world is now striving on an all-out basis for World Peace.

May God grant us success in that endeavor.

HARRY TRUMAN.

Independence, Mo.



Stuart—"plumed hat and red-lined cape."

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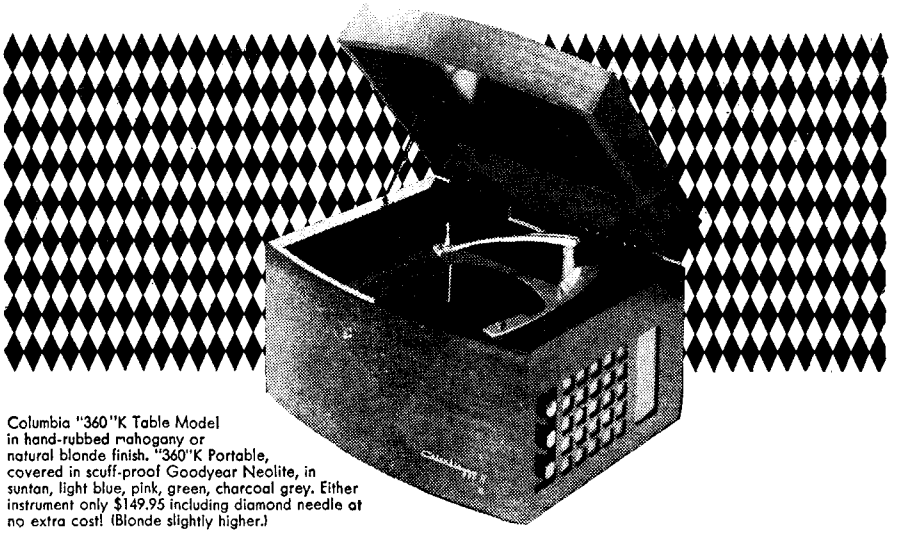

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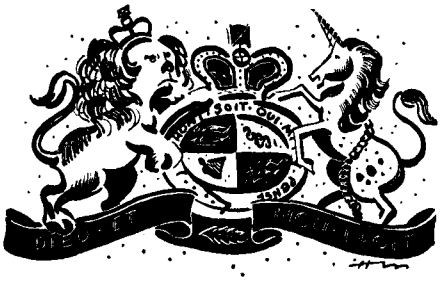
THE OTHER SIDE

The Crop of Spring

LONDON.

AFTER the herculean efforts of last autumn, the tempo of Decca's releases has shown signs of easing during recent months, but now the lull seems to be nearing its end and the spring crop promises to be unusually interesting. Already announced is Ansermet's performance of Ravel's "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges"; "Forza del Destino" and Britten's "Turn of the Screw" are completed while operatic projects in Belgrade (including a new "Boris Godunov") and Vienna ("Figaro," "Don Giovanni," and "Cosi") are said to be well under way. Recent arrivals from this source have been confined to products of the various associate labels, most of the music being new to LP. Oiseau-Lyre contributes Dufay's "Missa Caput," one of the cornerstones of fifteenth-century music, which is performed by the Ambrosian Singers under Denis Stevens, as well as eight sonatas for flute and continuo by Jean-Marie Leclair (Jean-Pierre Rampal and Robert Veyron-Lacroix) and some chamber music for piano and wind instruments by George Onslow, a wealthy English dilettante of noble birth who settled in Paris at the beginning of the last century.

From Ducretet-Thomson we have two French stage-works, both characteristic products of their time and separated by no more than a decade, yet as different in character as any two compositions could possibly be. Debussy's music for d'Annunzio's sacred drama, "Le Martyre de Saint-Sébastian," has been recorded before (an orchestral suite appears among the current HMV releases), but the present issue, which comprises two twelve-inch discs, presents an integral performance of the score bound together by d'Annunzio's verses, impressively declaimed by André Falcon. The musical part of the proceedings is in the safe hands of D. E. Inghelbrecht and the principal solo part is competently sung by Claudine Collard. If, despite the fact that it contains much beautiful music, you find "Le Martyre" as a whole rather



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Cont. from Page 61

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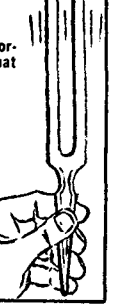

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depressing, Henri Christiné's sparkling and saucy operetta, "Phi-Phi," should prove the ideal antidote. The setting, as in so many French comedies, is ancient Greece; Phi-Phi is no Fifi but the famous sculptor Phidias, in whose studio, populated by his mistress, his wife, her lover, models and art patrons, anything can (and usually does) happen.

Another fine example of French theatrical art—more respectable than "Phi-Phi," but no less delightful—is Marivaux's celebrated comedy, "Les Fausses Confidences," presented on a pair of London International discs by members of the Comédie-Française. The cast, which includes Jean-Louis Barrault, Madeleine Renaud, Jean Desailly, and Pierre Bertin, is superb, and Max de Rieux's production creates a vivid illusion of a stage performance.

"HIS artistry lives on!" runs a current HMV slogan, "he" being the late Dr. Furtwängler, and the latest of his posthumous releases takes us to the very heart of the romantic movement. With the "Lohengrin" Prelude and the "Tannhäuser" Overture Furtwängler is, of course, on familiar ground, but the Wagnerian grandeur and sweep with which he invests Liszt's hoary war-horse, "Les Préludes," comes as something of a revelation. Noble playing by the Vienna Philharmonic and a sonorous if slightly overblown recording characterise this fine issue. While on the subject of Furtwängler, I ought to mention the great interest that has been aroused by Paul Czinner's film of last year's Salzburg "Don Giovanni" production. Its first English showing will take place at the Royal Festival Hall during April.

When David Oistrakh visited this country he spent much of his itme at EMI's Abbey Road Studios, and Columbia's March list contains the first fruit of these sessions. Partnered by Vladimir Jampolskij (the spelling is Columbia's, not mine) the great violinist plays the Franck Sonata with all his usual mastery and, by way of coupling, offers us an equally skilled and convincing performance of Szymanowsky's (or should it be Szymanowskij's?) early Sonata in D minor.

Most enjoyable, too, are two ballet scores by Stravinsky, "Pulcinella" and "Le Baiser de la Fé," which are played by the French Radio Orchestra under Markevitch, while Parlophone contributes an interesting Moussorgsky miscellany, embracing some rarely heard orchestral excerpts from "Khovantchina" and "The Fair at Sorotchinsk" as well as the inevitable "Night on the Bare Mountain" (Philharmonia conducted by Susskind).

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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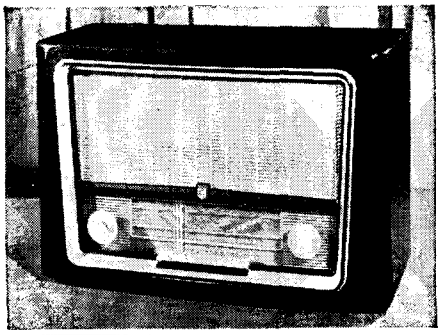

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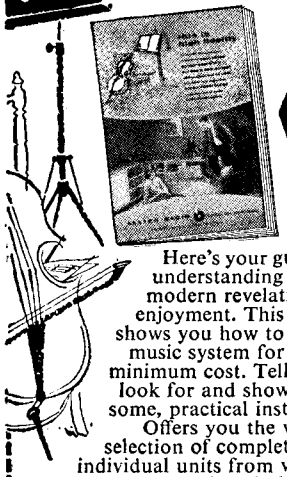

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Craft . . . Art

Continued from page 39

were being played on an organ, but the magic was no longer there.

Hubert Parry used to say that the beauty of the French horn was partly due to its human fallibility. Is not this true, to a certain extent, of all instrumental playing? Does not the thrill of sixteen violins playing together come from the fact that they are not scientifically in tune with each other?

NOW comes the question of making the instrument first and finding the music for it afterwards. Berlioz is the great sinner in this respect. He did not, of course, make instruments himself, but he thought out such devices as the four brass bands in the "Messe des morts," and in the excitement of the invention of the means forgot about the end. When it came to the point he could think of nothing better for his four brass bands to play than a banal march tune. This was indeed putting the cart before the horse. And so the old problem of form and content crops up again; the idea and its presentation should be simultaneous and indivisible.

I have purposely reserved for special discussion the most important instrument in our modern musical armory. The pianoforte is a comparatively new invention. It was a long time before it superseded the clavichord as a household instrument and the harpsichord for public use. The famous organ builder, Gottfried Silbermann, made some experimental pianofortes for Frederick the Great; Bach tried them and, it is reported, did not care for them. Probably these early examples were very imperfect. The early manufacturers made the mistake of trying to make the pianoforte sound like a harpsichord. Even Beethoven's pianoforte was a very different affair from our modern grand.

Gradually the new instrument acquired its own character and atmosphere. The tone of the harpsichord was constant: only by the manipulation of stops and manuals could the player vary from loud to soft, while crescendo and diminuendo were impossible. A good player on a modern pianoforte can pass at will, gradually or quickly, from an almost inaudible softness to a thundering loudness, and this almost entirely by finger pressure, which has no more effect on the harpsichord than it does on the organ. The pianist can pick out a phrase for special prominence in the middle of a contrapuntal web in a manner that was impossible to his predecessor; by the use of the loud

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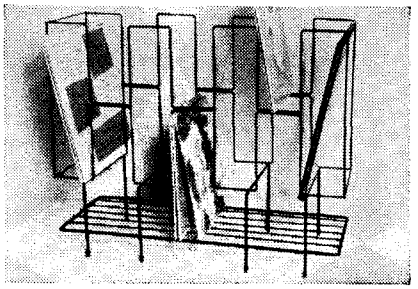

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Cont. from Page 62

What do you know about HI-FI?

Q. What is the low-to-high range of a snare drum?

A. The low-to-high range (frequency range) of an instrument refers to the lowest and highest notes that the instrument can reach. Male speech, for instance, has a low-to-high range of 100 to 8,000 cycles per second. Amazingly, the range of a snare drum extends from 80 all the way up to 15,000 cycles per second.

Turn to Page 66

pedal he can prolong the sound of a note and thus evoke the idea of a violin or vocal cantabile. A clever pianist can suggest the orchestra, the organ, or even the choir, by his playing and can often get much nearer to the composer's idea than a second-rate orchestra.

Not only can a pianoforte look forward, it can also look back. Music written for the earlier instruments can also be played with good effect on the pianoforte. It may not be exactly what the composer intended, but composers are bound by their means, and I have little doubt that Bach would have thought that his music sounded better on our modern instruments than on those which he had at his disposal. I have heard many of the Forty-Eight Preludes and Fugues played alternately on the pianoforte and harpsichord, and I have no doubt which I prefer.

THERE is a modern fashion, originating, I believe, in Germany, of playing Bach's music "as he wrote it," which, as I suppose, means that we must, if possible, use the exact instruments which Bach used, presumably at the same pitch, and play them exactly as the eighteenth-century musicians played them—violins with flat bridges and bows held taut by the thumb. We should, of course, substitute the harpsichord for the pianoforte and make use of that atrocious bubble-and-squeak monstrosity, the so-called baroque organ. Our oboes would have to bray like bagpipes and our horns bellow like bulls. Well, we cannot do this even if we wanted to, and if we could, I cannot imagine anyone wanting to substitute the coarse tone and asthmatic phrasing of Bach's oboe for the exquisite cantabile of one of our fine symphonic players in the great watching song from the "Matthew Passion."

The pianoforte at its best is now the universal provider, and at its worst, the maid of all work in our musical commonwealth. At one moment the pianoforte can be used to realize the most ethereal fancies of Chopin or Debussy and at another, to thump out a comic song in a tavern. The pianoforte is equally at home in the palace or the cottage and has a colossal specialized literature of every degree of goodness or badness. Thus, the pianoforte has completed the democratization of our art. The performer's intonation on a pianoforte does not depend on his own musical nature but on the state of his instrument. That is why for every one player on the flute or violin there are probably 100 who can tap out a tune on the pianoforte. Here, then, is mass-made music for the masses; we must be careful that quantity does not oust quality.

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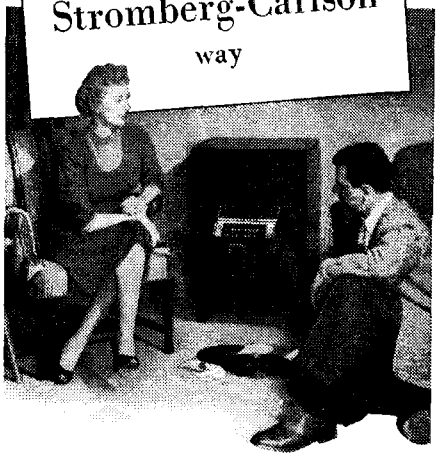

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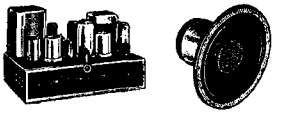

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Cont. from Page 65

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To what high fidelity component does the ear react most critically?

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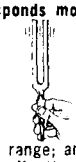
The musical term "pitch" corresponds most closely to what physical term?



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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

BEARING ON B-J

I. K's ARTICLE on the new B-J arm [*SR* Feb. 26] states that the shafts "pivot on four ball-bearings." The manufacturer's data sheet makes no mention of ball-bearings, and it is my understanding that at each of these four critical pivot-points a pin is simply mashed through the tubing. It is unfortunate that so ingenious a device is handicapped by such crudities, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Burne-Jones will soon utilize ball-bearings to produce an arm of high quality.

THOMAS F. BURROUGHS III.

New York, New York

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The term should have been "needle-gearing."*

ONE GERMAN TOO MANY

RE GIESEKING [*SR* Jan. 29]. Do not let my last name deceive you. I am what Gieseking would call Aryan and from a German background. Gieseking—Mozart. It makes one shudder. *Adieu.*

MARIAN ROSENBLOOM.

Palo Alto, Calif.

STUNNED SPEAR CARRIER

BEING ONE OF the fortunate San Franciscans to hear Renata Tebaldi in 1950, I was delighted to see in Victor Seroff's article [*SR* Feb. 26] that New York audiences are just as impressed as we were. I "carried a spear" in "Aida" and "Otello" when she sang, and it was the first time I ever heard chorus, artists, and stagehands stop and listen to a performer's artistry. She has a God-given voice.

WILLIAM KENT III.

San Francisco, Calif.

PASSING PARADE

THANK YOU FOR your interesting article on "Operas Anonymous" [*SR* Feb. 26]. These same selections have already appeared on LP (*sans* modernization) on the Parade label (numbers 101 to 112) along with Milton Cross's comments. Looks like these recordings are as ubiquitous as the Russian tapes.

ROBERT SCHWANE.

New York, N.Y.

PIPE-ORGAN ON PITCH

LET ME EXPRESS my personal gratification on the general excellence of the Recordings section. This issue [*SR* Feb. 26] has an especial interest, due to the "Pipe-Organ on LP." It is high time someone "went to bat" for the pipe-organ.

As is too often the case, Mr. Hebb's article is quite indefinite as to detail—and it is information omitted upon which I would like more information. Of the recordings mentioned only one is mentioned by name (that of Aeolian-Skinner Company), that of Moeller and Austin are not further identified. What I would like is the name of both of these companies' recordings, the address to which I may send for them, and the price. A layman like myself, who wishes to make his collection as complete as possible, needs this information.

CLARENCE E. NARZ.

Detroit, Mich.

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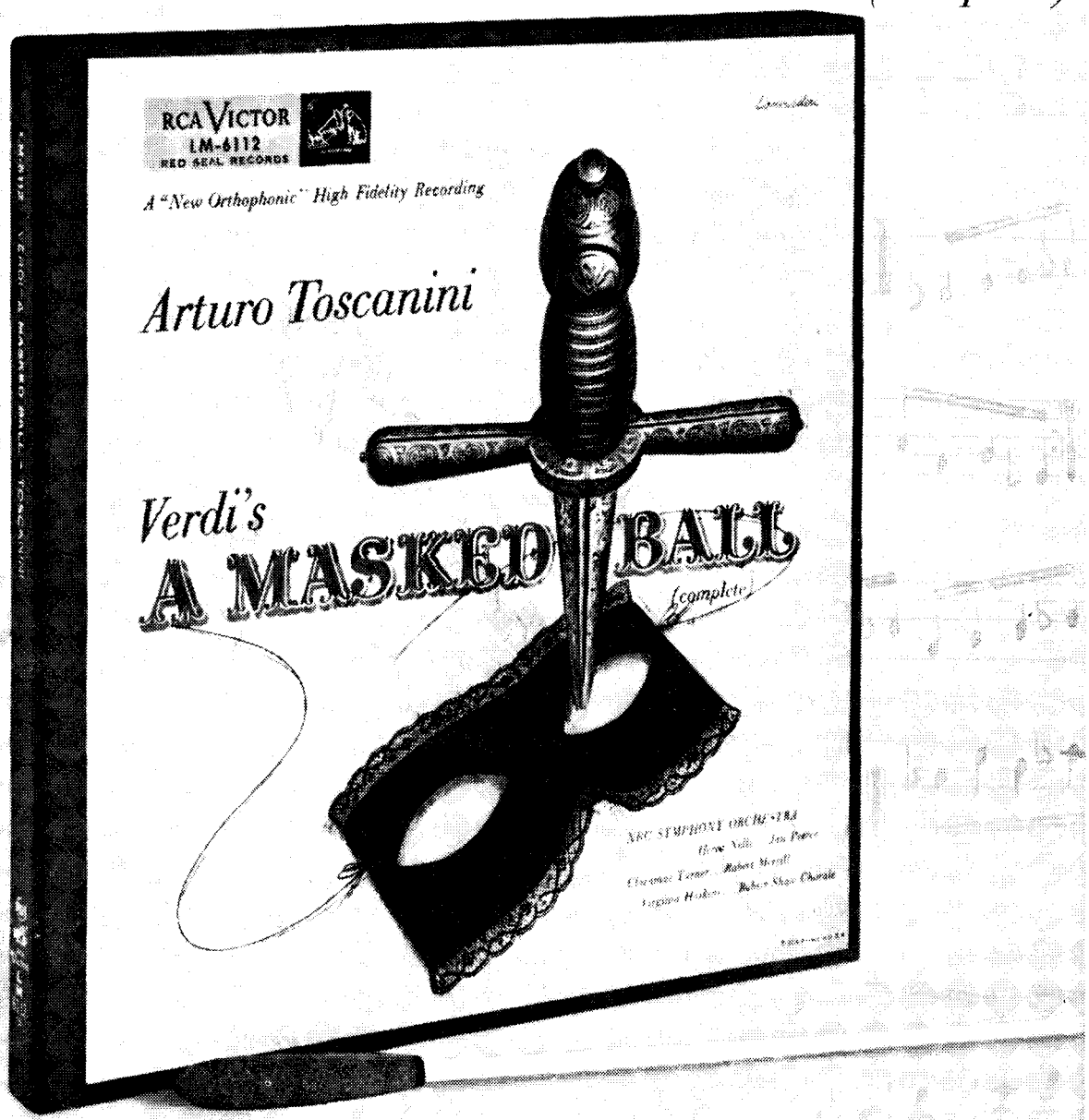

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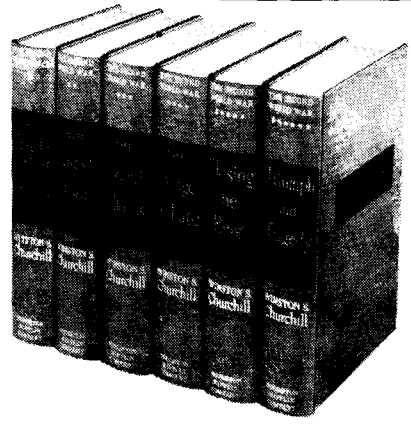

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